

P
3

306
p. 20

$\frac{1}{2}$ 2/10



Lady Frances Compton.

cut

CENTRAL CIRCULATION BOOKSTACKS

The person charging this material is responsible for its return to the library from which it was borrowed on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

TO RENEW CALL TELEPHONE CENTER, 333-8400

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

DEC 21 1991

DEC 1 1991

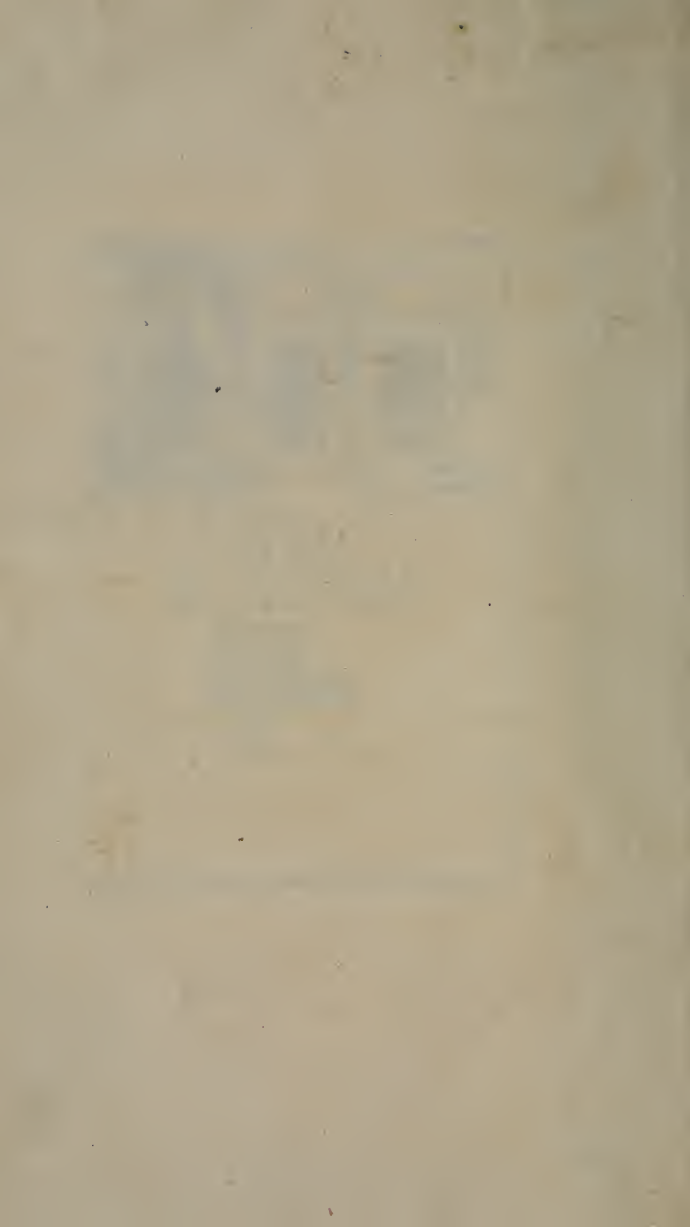
When renewing by phone, write new due date below
previous due date.

78733 L162



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
M383s
v.1



THE
SON AND THE NEPHEW;
OR,
More Secrets than One.

A Novel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY CATHERINE G. WARD,

Author of

DAUGHTER OF ST. OMER; MY NATIVE LAND; A BACHELOR'S
HEIRESS; CORINNA, &c. &c.

DEDICATED (BY PERMISSION) TO
Mrs. BOEHM.

Let those without faults condemn.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY AND JONES, PATERNOSTER ROW;

And may be had of all Booksellers.

1814.

SON AND THE REVEREND

More saved than one

A SON

IN THE

BY CATHARINE A. WARD

AND

WITH A PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR

DEDICATED TO
THE

1847

LONDON:

Printed by J. Molineux, at the 'Black Swan' Press, Fleet Street.

and sold by all Booksellers.

Molineux, Printer, at the Black Swan, Fleet Street.

823
M383v
v. 1

DEDICATION.

TO MRS. BOEHM.

MADAM,

*FOR the distinguished honour
you have conferred, by permitting THE
SON AND THE NEPHEW to be dedicated
to you, I beg an offer of boundless gra-
titude, because I am proud to say, that
you, Madam, are one among those Ladies
whose warm breathing smile of benevo-
lence, like the Solar beam, props the lily
in the storm, and does not destroy its
existence!*

*SUCH is PATRONAGE to UNFRIENDED
genius! inhaling it's FIRST BREATH
with the kindly hand that expands it's
opening blossom; that rears it from it's
lowly bed, and fosters it with protection!*

*May the Divine propensities of your
nature, Madam, ever be engraven on the
grateful heart! as your goodness NOW is
indelibly impressed on mine! in having
the honour of subscribing myself*

Your devoted humble Servant,

CATHERINE G. WARD.

THE
Son and the Nephew,
&c.

CHAP. I.

I AND my cousin could not sleep all night for the approaching celebration of the Christmas vacation : for the morning that was to convey us home, kept us wide awake ; it never struck me that I had no home, (at least no parental

home) to go to, for I was an orphan, but I was thoughtless and happy ; and, like the skylark, my yet unbounded wishes soared in air ; the sole aim of my ambition being the possession of liberty, which, to a school-boy, may justly be termed the *ne plus ultra* of his most sanguine expectations. The consequence was, that I and my cousins began dressing ourselves with all the alacrity that the nimble-footed hind runs to escape from her vigilant pursuers.

Our task was speedily accomplished, and precisely at six o'clock, I and my

cousins were quietly seated in Sir Peter's travelling postchaise, and at the extremity of a beautiful hanging wood, were only just five miles from his splendid and magnificent mansion.

The chaise proceeded with velocity, but I and my cousins thought otherwise, and Mortimer, the elder, and the presumptive heir of Sir Peter's family, possessed not only the impetuosity of youth, but a little mixture of that self-importance, which is too generally allied to the knowledge of high birth and the expectation of riches.

He therefore, was the first to find fault with the postillion for not driving faster ; and putting his head out of the chaise window, he, in addition to “ why don’t you drive faster ? ” superadded, with an air of authority, which was peculiar to him,

“ Why the Devil don’t you drive faster ? ” I laughed. Joseph, my younger cousin, looked grave, while reiterated lashed resounded on the backs of Sir Peter’s horses, which were several times repeated by the imperious command of his son and heir.

I and my cousins were now within gun-shot of the Mandeville estate, which was called, and had been called from generation to generation, the Manor House, now in the possession of Sir Peter Mandeville, the worthiest character in existence, at least I thought the best uncle, and I am sure the best father, in the world:—of my aunt, Lady Mandeville, I shall studiously avoid saying much at the present, and as little as I can of her all-accomplished daughters, whose actions will hereafter certify, at a proper time and place, the charitable bent of their dispositions.

A pause, not exceeding ten minutes, followed the laugh in which I had so heartily joined, not much, I fancied, to the satisfaction of my cousin Joseph, or the blunt unsophisticated manners of our postillion, who, perceiving the painful condition to which he had reduced his poor beasts at the end of the journey, more strongly expressed his displeasure by the angry glance he threw at my elder cousin, than a whole volume of words could have done, had he spoke for a thousand years; nor could I so suddenly account for his uttering the exclamation of "the Lord be praised there is one good heart in the family, however," as

he patted his horse's heads, when we quitted the chaise, had I not beheld him pocketing half a crown, which my cousin Joseph had slyly deposited within his hands.

My riotous propensity to mirth was now silenced, and checked the rude remark I was just going to make on his taciturnity.

My cousin Joseph is a generous creature, thought I, and my cousin Mortimer is —————

My uncle's son, thought I again, and

that uncle is the brother of my———.

The sweet word of mother stopt 'ere it was half pronounced, and for the first time in my life, I recollected that I and my cousins were very differently situated. They had a mother—nay, a father too, by whom they would soon be welcomed and embraced; I had none, and I felt a trickling tear making a very rapid progress over my cheek, when at this moment, I thought of my uncle.

“But I have an uncle,” repeated I, a worthy and affectionate uncle; and I brushed away the unbidden tear with a

corner of my blue and white pocket-handkerchief.

End of Chapter First.

CHAP. II.

THE haughty and inflexible brow of my aunt Mandeville, who reclined on an elegant ottoman, and was sipping the perfume of Indian tea, that breathed its incense from the most magnificent china, relaxed much of its accustomed severity on our entrance to the drawing room, where the family had only just assem-

bled to their usual *dejunée*, which family consisted of the Lady of the mansion, her eldest daughter, Clotilda, moulded as it seemed from infancy for a modern fine lady, and finished by the hand of art, to move a bright luminary in the fashionable walk of notoriety, while her younger sister, Jamima, whose claim to wit and good humour was confessedly nothing more than a rude unmeaning laugh, a vacant stare, and perpetual volubility expressed in an infinite deal of nothings, and a pert giggle displayed on the most trifling occasions, sat beside her in all the triumph of conscious

pride. In addition to this family circle, was a Miss Penman, a distant relative of her Ladyship's ; and my excellent uncle, who sat next the fire in deep conversation with a gentleman whom I had never before seen at the Manor, and who had all the appearance of a foreigner of some distinction.

The improved graces of Mortimer, who was the favorite of Lady Mandeville, delighted her, and she even addressed me with a sort of complacency which was by no means usual with her, observing to her daughters, that I was a head

taller grown since she had last beheld me ; to which, Miss Mandeville replied with a disagreeable tartness,

“ *That ill weeds grew apace,*” and this being thought a piece of delicate wit by the pert Jamima, she introduced her favorite giggle.

How long it would have lasted I know not, but my worthy uncle was some interruption to their mirth, by saying,

“ If you call this a joke, let me tell you, Miss Mandeville, it is not a proper

one; nor by any means appropriate; that your cousin Egbert is questionably grown, admits no doubt, but that he is an ill weed, I deny."

"Stale proverbs and musty sayings are highly ridiculous," observed Miss Penman, "and though I am an old maid, I completely cut them, as they are generally the *forerunner of some malicious observation.*"

She threw a side glance at the Miss Mandevilles, when she made this remark, which they seemed sufficiently

to understand, as it put an end to the subject.

Lucilla Penman, of all the old maids I had ever seen, was the most sprightly, good-humoured and agreeable : she was between fifty and sixty, and in *despight of fashion*, would positively adhere to her former mode of dressing in her younger days, and preferred her own hair, which was perfectly silver, and which she wore combed over a neat roll, to any decorations of art or fashion ; the rest of her dress was correspondent with this peculiar whim, and though Miss

Mandevilles had, at first sight of Miss Penman, indulged the exercise of their extraordinary mirth in the most unbecoming manner, they had suddenly become converts to her way of thinking, in which they had carefully been instructed by their sagacious and prudent mamma.

Miss Penman had no earthly relative, save Lady Mandeville, and that from a most distant connection: and Miss Penman inherited a clear estate of two thousand a year. Lady Mandeville, therefore, had paid her court to her from a

child : after her marriage with Sir Peter, she became more assiduous than ever to establish a permanent intimacy. She succeeded in persuading her to accept of an invitation to her house twice in the year; and Miss Peuman had now arrived from her seat in Wales, and was on one of her annual visits at the Manor House. At this period, when I had nearly completed my fifteenth year, I was the junior of my cousins, at the least by two years; that is Mortimer and Józeph; for I never could precisely learn the age of the young ladies. But as I surmised Miss Mandeville, from her womanly ap-

pearance, must have reached her twentieth year: and the full-grown Jamima, who exceeded her sister in a robust constitution, could not have seen less than eighteen summers; but it was one essential point in my aunt to keep her daughters' age a profound secret.

"Tis no matter," cried she, "how old my boys are, but my girls must always be young; and, as the Miss Mandevilles constantly wore frocks, and to use a fashionable phrase, "had not yet come out," why they were thought young indeed. My aunt was a shewy woman,

that is in bulk and size, but her features and the expression of her countenance would have done well to have come under the denomination of the "*Frigid Zone*," for no smile ever mantled there, till warmed by the *solar beam* of *self-interest*.

Clotilda, greatly resembling her in person, and in this self-same quality of disposition; she set her apart to reign a *little queen* in a *great world*, while Jamima, whose brawny face she thought pretty, and whose hoyden manners were perfectly enchanting, she designed to

catch the unwary squire, or opulent city banker. For Mortimer she had views of a different sort, which shall hereafter be told ; and for Joseph who was confessedly his father's favorite, and who inherited more good sense and beauty than she wished him to have, she cared little at all about, because he was too handsome for a boy, and too humble in his notions ever to become of consequence to the family. When an infant, as she dangled him on her knee, his extreme loveliness was a source of her keen regret and secret murmurings ; and Miss Penman happening to pay a visit

to the Manor, soon after he was born, the discontented mother expressed herself in the most ungracious terms, not indeed till Miss Penman had disapproved on the uncommon beauty of the child, whom she called divinely handsome.

Instantly Lady Mandeville resigned little Joseph to his nursery, to which he was condemned for the space of one whole twelvemonth, at which Miss Penman seriously expressed her disapprobation; and one day when the cloth was removed after dinner, and the children received, as they generally did, their

accustomed present of an apple or a pair, the enquiry for little Joseph was more strongly made than ever by Miss Penman, to which his mother carelessly replied,

“That he was best in the nursery.”

“Where he has been ever since he was born I believe,” cried Sir Peter, “however, Lady Mandeville, you will, for this once, I hope, gratify Miss Penman and myself with a sight of him.”

Unwillingly did her Ladyship comply, for she had already placed Mortimer in

Miss Penman's lap, and she secretly triumphed in the hope of his one day becoming her heir.

But no sooner was Joseph brought in, than she eagerly snatched him from the arms of his nurse, and devoured him with kisses. The beautiful little creature smiled, and clinging closer to the bosom of Miss Penman, crowed his thanks to the delight of his enraptured father, and the encreased ill-humour of his mother.

"Tis well," cried she, "that the little brat is not old enough to be

vain of the caresses that you bestow on him."

"When he is twenty years older, I will state my life, that it is a fault he will amend," cried Sir Peter, "but why, Sarah, are you displeased, that out of all our children, we have one that may be truly called handsome?"

"What signifies beauty in a boy?" answered her Ladyship, "besides, cannot I see plainly that he will rival both his brother and sister? Miss Penman absolutely doats on the brat, and she never admired any of my children before, Williams take away the little

moppet, for I vow I cannot endure the sight of him."

"Are you serious, Lady Mandeville?" enquired Miss Penman, while with a pensive sigh, she gave Joseph to his nurse.

"Are you serious Sarah?" echoed Sir Peter.

"Determinedly so," answered her Ladyship.

Sir Peter and Miss Penman exchanged looks, but the latter rose from her

seat, and with a dignified air, she curtsied to Lady Mandeville, and bade her good night; and observing to Sir Peter, as she quitted the room, that it was her intention to set off for Wales, the ensuing morning.

This resolution was actually put into practice by Miss Penman, nor did she again revisit the Manor, till she beheld her little favorite taken into favor by his mother, who artfully concealing her real sentiments, and assuming a virtue which she had not, induced the amiable Lucilla to believe, that she had mistaken her character; on which supposi-

tion, she gave in to all her views, and at length yielded to her pressing entreaties of becoming a fixed resident at the Manor House.

End of Chapter Second.

CHAP. III.

I and my cousins, who were accustomed to rise early, could not keep pace with the fashionable hours at the Manor House; we had, therefore, bounded over my uncle's park long before the family were stirring, and found just sufficient time to scamper home again as they were preparing breakfast.

The exercise of fresh health glowed in our cheeks, and our spirits rose in proportion to the enjoyment we received, in being at full liberty to partake of the amusements which my indulgent uncle had designed for us during the term of our vacation.

The foreign gentleman, whom I had seen the evening before, still continued to be a guest; and, in addition to the party, Lady Mandeville introduced a little girl, whose pale complexion, and whose delicate looks pronounced her to be an invalid: she called her Adela, but she was only ten years old, and so

extremely shy and diffident, that neither I nor my cousins could prevail on her to speak a single word, or eat one mouthful of the delicacies that were spread before her: we actually should have pronounced her dumb, but for the short sentence that escaped her lips, of "No, I thank you, Madam," which was addressed to my aunt in so low a voice, as scarcely to be heard. The foreign gentleman now smiled, and taking her hand, drew her gently towards him, but the little timid creature still remained silent, while he slightly apologised for her childish bashfulness, "which indeed," cried he, "is not only owing to her ill state

of health, but to the climate in which she was born. There is a reserve, not to say a repelling coldness, in the females of that country, from which, thank heaven,

“English women are exempt.”

His complimentary speech was accompanied with an insinuating smile, and a languishing look directed towards the ladies, which had due effect on all but Miss Penman, who had continued to get little Adela in a chair next to her's, while she uttered, with her usual good humour, and forgetting that Count Molino stood in no way related to her,

“come to me, my love, and never mind that naughty papa of your’s.”

Instantly the pale cheeks of the little girl became flushed with crimson, and appeared glowing with a mixture of pride, if not of resentment; and she hastily uttered, but with great expression, “Not my papa, madam; I never had but one, and I am very sure that is not he.”

There was an evident embarrassment, which I thought betrayed itself in every feature of Count Molino, in spite of the pains he took to conceal it, and the

smile which succeeded, was not the effect of good humour; as in calling Adela to him, she refused to go, and without the least ceremony ran out of the room.

The Count, in a few moments afterwards disappearing, Miss Mandeville exclaimed, "what a strange little animal!" "Perfectly savage," observed Jamima, "and were it not for the very large fortune which your Ladyship says she will inherit from her father, I vow there would be no supporting the whimsicality of her behaviour."

“ Really, Jamima, I am horrified at hearing you talk so ;” cried Lady Mandeville, “ what is to be expected from the manners of a mere child? one too who has been bred in the monastic seclusion of a hated convent. But we shall in time reform her, and for my own part, I do not despair of one day seeing Lady Adela a most accomplished creature.”

I could not help admiring the sudden and involuntary exclamation of my cousin Mortimer, who with astonishment and surprize expressed in every

feature, eagerly demanded of his mother, "if the little pale bashful girl, was indeed Lady Adela?"

"Unquestionably so, my love," answered her Ladyship, "and I will now give you her history.

"She is the only child and heiress of Lord Philip Hugh De Tracy, who has so long distinguished himself as one of the most experienced generals, the most gallant commander, and the most accomplished gentleman of the present age. The mother of Adela, who was

the daughter of a Swedish nobleman, was a heroine in mind, but extremely delicate in constitution, and she died in consequence of accompanying his Lordship on some foreign expedition, to which romantic and whimsical resolution, from which nothing could deter her, she owed the termination of her life, giving birth to Adela, amidst the tumult of a noisy camp.

“The motherless child became a stronger tie of affection to the distracted father. She was taken from the breast of her expiring mother, and consigned

to the care of a black servant, the only attendant they had, For some months it was expected that the infant could not have survived ; but Adela lived, notwithstanding the prediction of all around her, and was conveyed, with her nurse, to the convent on the borders of Germany, where she remained till Lord Hugh de Tracy could snatch a convenient opportunity of sending her to England ; fearing in that country she might adopt a monastic life, and become a convert to the superstitious principles of the people who surrounded her. He disclosed his intentions to Count Molino,

with whom he had long been on terms of friendship ; and that gentleman being well acquainted with the customs of the convent, he undertook to become an ambassador for his friend, and sought an interview with the Lady Abbess, from whose management and protection he now withdrew little Adela and her nurse ; and placing her in the arms of her delighted father, exclaimed,

“There, Hugh de Tracy, is your daughter ; I have now performed my duty.” ‘Not yet,’ answered his Lordship, ‘you must now, Molino, take

MORE SECRETS THAN ONE.

charge of her to England ; the seat of war, the perils of a camp I cannot expose her to ; my poor Adela fell a victim to her imprudent courage, and my little darling, here, would also perish amidst the hardships of a long campaign :— you must, therefore, while opportunity serves, embrace a passage in an English vessel, and bear my treasure to the land of Great Britain. There, under the auspices of Lady Mandeville, she will be safe till my return from foreign service.”

“ ’Tis unnecessary to say,” concluded my aunt, “ that Count Molino has been

faithful to his trust, and has brought me *little Adela*, of *whom* I am to *make the most*; that is," added she, "I am to—
to —."

Her Ladyship hesitated and stammered; she had made use of a most unguarded expression, and colouring deeply, she continued (for the eyes of Miss Penman were rivetted upon her),

"I am to have the charge of Lady Adela, and the superintendence of her education, till her father, Lord Hugh de Tracy claims her from my hand or returns to England."

“Certainly she is a prize worth the keeping; for as the Count informs me, she will have a fortune of more than one hundred thousand pounds.”

“Then the poor child need not go to market,” dryly observed Miss Penman.

“Nor yet be cried three times in a village church,” answered the pert Jamima.

“I shall like Lady Adela very well,” said my cousin Mortimer. The eyes

of his mother spoke a meaning her tongue chose not to express.

“And would you, Joseph?” enquired my uncle, “speak honestly, my boy.”

The beautiful complexion of Joseph was covered with one of nature’s happiest blushes—the real tincture of modesty; and he replied,

“I cannot tell, sir, much about that—but if I like a person, I never consider *how much money* they have; and if I liked Lady Adela *ever so well*, it would not be for the sake of her riches.”

“Well said,” cried my uncle, “egad I believe thou hast spoken the truth.”

“He has spoken a fiddlestick,” said my aunt, “I wonder, Sir Peter, you can encourage the boy in any such ridiculous nonsense; yes, I warrant me, he will be the ‘gentle *shepherd of the family*,’ with a crook in his hand, and a pipe in his mouth, wandering all day long on the top of steepy mountains to look after a flock of sheep, and at night he will lay himself down by the side of some lonely bank to celebrate the beauty of a wood-nymph, or make sonnets on the eyes of a butter-milk dairy maid.”

This sarcasm bore a majority in raising a laugh against my cousin Joseph; even I was malicious enough to join in it, and notwithstanding he had his father and Miss Penman on his side; he was dubbed the “Gentle Shepherd” by his brother Mortimer for the remainder of the evening, and continued to be addressed by that title, which he supported with much good humour:—nay, it was even observed at tea time, that little Adela was more attentive to him than to any of us, which occasioned Lady Mandeville to observe, with her usual acrimony,

“ That there was nothing so dangerous to a young man as to have a pretty face.”

“ Or to a young woman either, when she is vain and conceited,” said Miss Penman; “ but when they are both modest and amiable, it is surely no disadvantage to be thought handsome; for instance, now had your daughter Clotilda, or Miss Jamima, there, a pretty face ————.”

Miss Penman was interrupted, for Jamima screaming, “ Good God,” cried she, “ there is an odious spider crawling over the sleeve of your gown.”

“Is there, my dear?” said Miss Penman, with great composure, as she threw the reptile from her, “then let it not creep to my bosom, for ’tis as rancorous as envy;” I hate to look upon it; ’tis as mischievous as the hawk; for the sparrow becomes the prey of one, and the innocent fly is the victim of the other; but envy, Jamima, that creeps into the human heart, and is the most cruel insect of all. Good night, Lady Mandeville, pleasant dreams to you.”

So saying, Miss Penman snatched up her candle, as was her usual custom

when any thing had ruffled her, and instantly repaired to her own apartment.

This mode of conduct, in one whom it was greatly her interest not to offend, generally brought Lady Mandeville to order, and made her more cautious than ever of attempting to discharge her young favorite; for that Joseph was her favorite, seemed very clearly perceptible to the discerning eye of Lady Mandeville. In Adela too, child as she was, she thought she could perceive a gleaming partiality for Joseph, more than for

her beloved Mortimer, but this being exactly opposite to her views and expectations, she predetermined to crush it as early in the bud as possible; she therefore, one morning when Adela was receiving a delicate little flower from the hand of Joseph, and which he had expressly gathered and offered for her acceptance; when as he presented it to her, she heard him utter these words:

“ Lady Adela, you admired this little flower so much last night, I thought it was a pity not to procure it for you, and here it is.”

She could no longer conceal her mortification and displeasure, the more when Adela received it with a smile and a curtsy, but as she placed it in her bosom, her Ladyship also presented her with a branch of beautiful exotics.

“There Adela, did you ever before see an assemblage of more beautiful flowers, a choice collection my love, and the gift-offering of my son; and you must positively wear them in your bosom the whole of this day for the sake of Mortimer Mandeville,” cried she.

“I am much obliged to your Ladyship,” replied Adela, “but I cannot

wear two nosegays, for see I have got one already, so pretty and so sweet:" and taking the flower which Joseph had given her, with an air of the most perfect naivete, she fixed it in her little bosom, leaving the mortified Lady Mandeville, with the rejected flowers still in her hand.

This incident, trifling as it was, left her Ladyship a prey to inquietude, and gave rise to a supposition, that almost indeed amounted to conviction, that the childish bosom of Adela had caught an impression of the blooming grace and fascinating exterior of her youngest son, which decidedly determined her in one

point, that of using her influence with Sir Peter to send him from the Manor.

This indeed was now more difficult than could be imagined, for Joseph was the favorite of his father, and what was more to be dreaded, was the idol of Miss Penman.

“What,” cried Lady Mandeville, as she threw the rejected flowers on the ground, “and shall he also be the husband of Lady Adela, the wealthy heiress of Hugh de Tracy? No Mortimer, this prize be thine, or never shall thy mother know again the

blessings of thy smile!" With these concluding words, my enraged aunt sought the apartments of my worthy uncle; she smiled, and even attempted to take his hand. "My dear Sir Peter," cried she, my uncle smiled too.

"I will bet any thing Sarah, with you," cried he, "that you are a going to ask a favor of me; come out with it, let us know the extent of a woman's conscience."

"Why my love, our riotous boys," said my aunt, "they have now been at the Manor these seven weeks."

“Really so long, Sarah,” cried my uncle, “why then to-morrow, they shall go to school again.

End of Chapter Third.

CHAP. IV.

Lady Mandeville, who had now gained one of her most favorite points with her too-indulgent husband, continued her unceasing solicitations with Sir Peter that I and my cousins should set off, bag and baggage, for Mortley Thorp the ensuing morning, where, under

the care of the Rev. Mr. Thurlow, we were yet to remain another twelvemonth, and, at the expiration of that period, then to depart for college studies at Cambridge; for what I was designed, I was yet totally ignorant, but I knew perfectly well from the tenor of my aunt's conversation, that I was wholly dependant on the will of my uncle; my father having died insolvent in the West Indies, although serving in the rank of Major in one of the distant colonies; and my mother soon fell a sacrifice to excess of grief for his loss, and survived but a few months after his decease, consigning me to the protection of the

only relative she possessed on earth, her brother, Sir Peter Mandeville, in whose arms she breathed her last sigh. In the agonies of death she could only be heard to murmur,

“Be a father to my child.”

My worthy uncle, who loved my mother tenderly, neglected not to pay the last duties to his favorite Mariana. “Poor boy,” cried he, holding me to his breast with all the warmth of undisguised affection, “Poor boy! fatherless and motherless, you shall retain the affection of both in the kindness and

protection of myself and Lady Maundeville," who received me with her accustomed frigidity. "Remember, Sarah, cried my uncle, as he placed me in her arms, "when you look on this poor child, that you are a mother! and that while your own children possess the inestimable blessing of a parent's indulgence, that he has none to bestow the like attention upon him; the loss of which gives him a double claim to our protection; be kind to him, Sarah; he is my own nephew, and the legacy of an expiring sister; as such I shall regard him; as such I shall cherish him; and

as such I shall expect he will be received into my family."

"You are amazingly particular, methinks," said my aunt, with some asperity; "I do not know, Sir Peter, that I was ever willingly unmindful of your requests; but if it is your pleasure, that I should neglect my own children to look after this boy, it is an office which I must positively decline."

"You can perform the office of humanity, Sarah," answered my uncle, much hurt by sentiments so little congenial to his own, "without any detri-

ment to your own children; I shall, therefore, expect that you will at least act the part of a christian to your husband's nephew; and I further insist, that from this very hour, Egbert Cleveland is considered as such in the Manor House."

My aunt muttered something, but that something was not permitted to reach the ear of my uncle; and a very large piece of plumb cake, presented to me by one of my little cousins, very soon reconciled me to my situation.

Blest period of youthful innocence!

delightful season of unalloyed happiness! why are ye not given to maturity? Vain hope! can the blooming rose attain its full perfection without the invasion of the canker-worm that would destroy it? Oh, never! But to proceed.

I and my cousins were very ceremoniously told by my aunt Mandeville, that we must prepare to return to Mortley Thorp, at an early hour the ensuing morning; to which proposal, Mortimer would by no means consent, till his fond mother had agreed to allow him three days of grace, which time was to be

passed in such recreations as he himself thought most agreeable.

“Suppose then, mother, you give us a dance, and a bit of supper,” cried Mortimer, “Joseph, Egbert, would you not like that amazingly?”

We noddén our willing assent, and Lady Mandeville assured us, that we should certainly have a little gala the night before we returned to Mortley Thorp.

“And now I think of it, Mortimer,” added she, “had you not better go in

time, and solicit the hand of Lady Adela to be your partner in the dance? there is no knowing, but what she may one day be your partner for life; either she, or one of the Miss Somervilles your father designs for you. I promise you, so go, do as you are desired."

Mortimer had flown on the instant to obey his mother's command; and turning round, I beheld Joseph paler than ashes. "Are you not well, Joseph," said I, to which, as he did not reply, I made no further enquiry; but I cannot help recollecting, that from this moment, I was impressed with an idea, that the little

bashful Adela, though at this early period, had unconsciously awakened the first dawning of youthful passion in the breast of Joseph Mandeville; a circumstance, as I then regretted, would only be productive of misery to *him*; but how little did I foresee that the peace of another individual would also be involved in it.

The expected evening of the gala arrived, and a selection of youthful guests, expressly invited for the occasion, assembled to partake of the amusements it afforded, much to the satisfaction of the "Triumphant mother," as

she beheld her darling son open the ball with Lady Adela, whom she had magnificently dressed, and for her age, she looked lovely beyond expression ; nor could I have conceived so great an improvement to have taken place in so short a time in her shape and complexion. The former looking as if delicately moulded by the hands of the Graces, and the latter as if breathing the first sweets of spring.

Count Molino took his departure for Germany the day before the evening of the gala, after being for many hours in

deep conversation with Lady Mandeville, the subject of which remained a profound secret.

“Adela is not handsome,” observed I to my cousin Joseph, “it is the smile of inexpressible harmony, and the look of almost indefinable softness, that renders her the fascinating little creature she so truly is.”

“Miss Somerville is a great deal handsomer,” he replied, “that is, I think Emma Somerville ———.”

Joseph stopped, coloured, and ap-

peared confused, but I found that he was by no means ingenuous in his reply, for his eyes were rivetted on Adela as he spoke, and I cried,

“It is true, Miss Somerville is more beautiful, but Adela is ten thousand times more fascinating.”

The daughters of Sir James Somerville were elegant girls, and it would have been difficult to have pronounced which of the two inherited the greatest share of beauty and good humour, but I thought were I at liberty to have decided

on their merits, I should not hesitate in giving the palm to the younger sister, who was called Emma, her sister Isabella being too masculine to accord with the idea I had formed of female beauty, though she exactly suited the taste of my cousin Mortimer.

"The eldest Miss Somerville," cried he, "is the finest girl in the room."

"And her sister is the prettiest," replied I.

"What the little flaxen-haired girl,

who danced with my brother?" enquired Mortimer.

"The same Miss Emma Somerville," said I.

"A mere waxen doll, with blue eyes, and a baby's face; no, if you come to that, what think you of Lady Adela? Did you ever see a pair of finer eyes than that little bashful gipsey has got in your life; but what signifies her eyes or any think else:—she has got the main point in the calculation of a woman's beauty."

“And what is that,” said I.

“One hundred thousand pounds,” answered he, and drawing the bed-curtains close around us, we fell asleep.

End of Chapter Fourth.

CHAP. V.

From the period of our returning to Mortley Thorp, to the succeeding twelvemonth that we were about to quit it, nothing materialy occurred, either to give us pleasure or pain, till I and my cousins received a mandate from Sir Peter to set out for the Manor, my aunt Mandeville having, during the whole

space of the one twelvemonth, contrived to keep us from paying our annual visit at the time of our vacation, because she had taken into her head that she must make a journey to the metropolis, it being thought necessary by her Ladyship, that her daughters were now actually *old enough* to "*come out*." The consequence was a trip to London, where Miss Clotilda and Jamima (now full grown indeed) underwent the accustomed ceremonies of a first introduction at court; and from newspaper report, I and my cousins very soon learned, that the Miss Mandevilles having made their *entrée*, shone very conspicuously from

an obvious circumstance; they wore a profusion of *diamonds*; but I cannot recollect that much was said on their youth, their elegance, or beauty; but they were “come out,” and that was sufficient for the present for Lady Mandeville; neither Sir Peter nor Lady Adela were witnesses of this very important area in the lives of the Miss Mandevilles, for my uncle was confined with a fit of the gout, and Adela was thought much too young to venture beyond the boundaries of Manor Park; besides, what with masters of every description, and governesses almost of

every order, Adela was kept constantly employed, Lady Mandeville having left strict charge with Sir Peter, and also with Madame Starch, the superintendant governess, that she should be kept close to her studies: word was likewise left with Mrs. Puff, the housekeeper, that Lady Adela should be served with scanty dinners and light suppers, fearful that her shape, which promised to be of the most gossamer description, would receive an injury from the effects of a too-indulgent appetite. Kind, considerate Lady Mandeville, and happy Adela, to possess so zealous a friend. However, in a few days her Ladyship's

injunctions were totally forgotten by Sir Peter, and almost neglected by Mrs. Puff, who suffered the little girl to eat and drink whatever she liked best; and Sir Peter was never so well pleased, as when he saw her tripping over the lawns as playful and elastic as the young fawn, and fresh as the flowers that grew beneath her hands; for Adela, amongst all her most favorite amusements delighted in the cultivation of flowers, and the study of botany; an elegant green-house, therefore, filled with the most fragrant shrubs and blooming exotics, had long been appropriated to her use; and in this she passed many hours,

when the fashionable Clotilda and the indolent Jamima were killing time, either with some last new novel, or in the speculation of something to remove freckles and improve the complexion. The daily advertisements in the papers amply furnished them with intelligence so pleasing, and information so instructive ; but they never soared one step beyond this, Miss Jamima could not bear to read ; and Clotilda in the absence of Lady Mandeville and her daughter, could not be but a seasonable relief to Adela, who, in spite of her endeavors to conceal it, felt no great predilection for their society, yet, of the three ladies,

Lady Mandeville was her favorite, and she would have liked her much better were it not for the continual ringing in her ears the praises of her son Mortimer. This was done so repeatedly, that Adela, young as he was, suspected that her Ladyship must have some particular motive, and though she cautiously avoided giving her any offence by contradicting her assertions, that Mortimer Mandeville was the most fascinating creature in existence, yet she was silent whenever he was the theme of her conversation, a circumstance which did not escape the observation of Lady Mandeville, and which

greatly mortified her aspering hopes; yet she thought that perseverance would do much, and that by a trial of further skill and management, the unwary and youthful Adela would in time be brought to look on Mortimer in the light of an affianced lover, if not an affianced husband. Count Molino having promised her also to use his interest and influence over the mind of her father, she did not doubt but her wish would be accomplished, being persuaded that Sir Peter, wishing for the aggrandizement of their son, would give into all her sentiments respecting her views on the wealthy heiress of Hugh De Tracy, but in this

had her Ladyship considered for one moment on the character of her husband, she would have found herself mistaken, for the feelings of a father, and the principles of an honest man would have made my excellent uncle shudder from offering proposal that could in any way be deemed the sacrifice of another man's child.

It was almost impossible to say the pains Lady Mandeville took to please the artless disposition of little Adela, which nature had formed of one of the finest order; though it did not promise to be one of the happiest, for Adela would

weep when any incident awakened her sensibility to the sufferings of others, and her prompt generosity to relieve the wants of her fellow-creatures, very soon became a subject of reprehension with Lady Mandeville, while to Sir Peter it was the constant theme of admiration and praise ; but the money was her own, and his Lordship being liberal in the extreme in the remittances he made to Lady Mandeville for the maintenance of his daughter as well as in the expences of her education, she could not with decency complain of her extravagances, or refuse with propriety her request to be supplied with more money.

One morning, however, when Adela spread her empty purse on the table, which her Ladyship had only filled the evening before, to express her surprize seemed but natural, though she could scarcely conceal her displeasure, when Adela declared she had not a farthing left of her monthly allowance.

“What not out of ten pounds? you surely mistake, my love,” said Lady Mandeville, “and it is very clear to me that you have been either robbed of this money, or have given it away foolishly.”

“It is true that I have given it away,”

answered Adela, her cheeks glowing with resentment, "but I should be very sorry if your Ladyship thought foolishly ; for indeed, it was to save a poor family from ruin !"

"Tell me whom you have relieved? and it is very possible that I may change my opinion," said Lady Mandeville, not willing to let Adela see that she discouraged her in acts of charity. "But indeed, my lovely Adela, ten pounds is so very large a sum, that I am afraid you have been led into some error respecting the objects of your charity."

“O I am very sure they were deserving ten times that sum,” replied Adela, with a warmth that acted like an opposite, for it chilled the bosom of Lady Mandeville, “for,” continued Adela, “it was no other than Lubina’s father and mother, who were turned out of their farm yesterday because they could not pay their rent, and Lubina is such a good girl, I could not bear her tears, and so—I gave her the money.”

“And had she really the audacity to take it,” enquired Lady Mandeville, with an air of asperity which she could no longer repress, for it was by her Lady-

ship's express desire that the steward had been compelled to turn farmer Blackburne out of his farm.

"But I assure your Ladyship, that it was not Lubina's fault," answered Adela, "for I insisted on her accepting my purse, and going with it that precious moment to her distressed father and mother, who had not a bed to lay their heads on, nor a morsel of bread to put in their mouths; and so Lubina went, according to my request, and so—."

"Well, my dear, I have heard quite enough of this romantic tale," interrupted

my aunt pettishly, yet softening her voice as much as she possibly could from its natural acrimony, "it was certainly very good of you to assist the poor wretches; you have an undoubted right to do what you please with your own money, though I dare say your father would not chuse you should throw it away; especially when I inform you that Lubina's father and mother are very unworthy objects of your munificence, I cannot call it charity; they can pay, but they wont pay, and that being the case, it was very right and proper they should be treated accordingly; as to Lubina, she is a pert

forward minx to receive any such present from you without my knowledge, and she shall quit my service if ever I know her to be guilty of the like impertinence again."

At the conclusion of this speech of my imperious aunt's, Adela, to her no small confusion and amazement, burst into tears; never before had Lady Mandeville, as she thought, spoke so unkindly—and never, till now, was her little susceptible bosom so sensitive of resentment, and she sobbed out,

"If Lubina has been guilty of a fault,

the fault was mine, and I would much rather that your Ladyship would punish me, than a poor girl that cannot help herself."

Lady Mandeville, who now found she had gone beyond her depth, like a skilful pilot, was obliged to steer with more caution; and she threw her arms round the offended Adela.

"Punish you, my sweet angel," exclaimed she, "punish you! how can that little tongue of your's pronounce such cruel words? You know, my sweet;

love, I would not for the world say any thing to give you pain; for heaven's sake, my dear creature, dry those tears; gracious, what would Mortimer Mandeville say to see those pretty eyes spoiled with crying, why he would say ——."

"I am not thinking of Mr. Mortimer Mandeville," uttered Adela pettishly; this her Ladyship observed, but would not by any means seem to notice, though it stung her to the heart, and she replied with a cunning archness, and throwing into her countenance as much insinuation as possible,

“Indeed, my sweet Adela, that is not kind of you, for I dare say Mortimer is thinking of you.”

Adela was silent, and her Ladyship at the same moment that she employed herself in supplying the contents of the empty purse with fresh ammunition, contrived in the most coaxing tone to rally her.

“Now I will give you one of the prettiest birds in my aviary, if you will tell me, Adela,” said she, “that you were just thinking of the ‘Gentle Shep-

herd,' my Joseph, whom I declare I shall call the 'Shepherd' as long as he lives."

Adela did not betray the slightest emotion at the mention of Joseph's name, but in a very affecting, and determined manner, she pronounced "I was thinking of my father!" Lady Mandeville, coloured, and coloured so deeply, that I do not know whether her blushes were not even perceptible through a deep deep mask of French rouge, and it was with infinite difficulty that her Ladyship could stifle a certain awkward sensation that she felt rising in her throat when she kissed the pale cheek of Adela

as they retired to their respective apartments.

“It is very clear, to me,” cried she, as she entered her dressing room, “that this unaccountable little Gothic Maudlin is not attracted by either of my sons, surely that great, tall, stripling, that Egbert Cleveland ———.”

Further Lady Mandeville did not chuse to give utterance to her thoughts, and poor Mrs. Flounce her attendant suffered very materially from her capricious humour during the operation of

dressing her Ladyship for dinner. Mrs. Flounce did her best, and called to her aid the all-powerful auxiliary of flattery. But all would not do, for looking in the glass when her toilet was completed, her Ladyship exclaimed,

“Why Flounce, have you taken leave of your senses, or do you intend that I should look a fright for the remainder of the evening.”

“I mean that your Ladyship should look as you generally do,” said Mrs. Flounce.

“And what is that?” demanded her Ladyship.

Flounce, who was now put to her last wits, instantly replied “An angel.”

I cannot actually say whether my aunt's ill humour was appeased or not, but her accommodating Abigail was almost instantaneously dismissed with these words, “well child, I think I shall do for to-day.”

“Do for to-day,” muttered Flounce, as she tripped down stairs, glad to escape from her persecution. “Do for

to day," repeated she, "I think I have given your Ladyship a dose that might do for a twelvemonth."

End of Chapter Fifth.

CHAP. VI.

Miss Penman, who had peremptorily refused Lady Mandeville's request of accompanying her to London, was at length compelled to yield to her pressing entreaties, Clotilda declaring, that she should expire if her dear sweet Miss Penman was not to be of their party, and Jámima also positively saying

that she should never be able to survive the awful ceremony of being presented, without her dear Miss Penman being there to witness it; Miss Penman looked serious and exclaimed, "Mercy on me my dear girls; if both your deaths are to be occasioned by my not going, why I believe that I must for once make a fool of myself; to London therefore I will accompany you, though it is of all other places, the most odious to me; so far I will oblige you; but no court, there I must positively be excused; heaven preserve me! what would the world say of Lucilla Penman, the old

maid, being seen in the drawing-room of St. James's. Jamima, who had taken her cambric handkerchief out of her pink sattin ridicule, on the pretence of blowing her nose, could scarcely smother an affected giggle, in which Miss Mandeville would have joined, but a look from her mother, had the desired effect of making her assume the appearance of good manners, whether possessed or not ; but the impertinence of Miss Jamima did not wholly escape the observation of Miss Penman, with whom this young lady was by no means a favorite, and she determined to punish her for it at some future opportunity.

I and my cousins had the good fortune to arrive at the Manor three days before the expected party had left the metropolis; a circumstance not in the smallest degree regretted by any of us, as those three days were passed in a delightful intercourse with my worthy uncle and the fascinating Adela, improved in every grace, and heightened into every beauty that constitutes expression; her complexion had lost that pallid hue which seemed to rank her among the list of valetudinarians, and her figure, though excessively delicate, was moulded with the neatest symmetry, accompanied by a simplicity which

seemed alone the offspring of nature, in which art was not thought necessary to have the slightest share. It was not, however, till many hours, that we were gratified with her society, so strictly bound was Adela to the plan which Lady Mandeville had left for the prosecution of her studies, which my uncle more than once insisted she should break through, and notwithstanding the austere looks and chilling deportment of Mrs. Starch, the all-accomplished govern-anté, he demanded the company of his little favorite soon after we had dined, and she came, blushing like the roseate morn the smiles of good humour play-

ing on her dimpled cheeks, just as my uncle with good emphasis and discretion, had uttered the following sentence:

“But I do insist, positively insist, that Adela comes into the room this evening, and makes a dish of tea for the boys and myself; and so you may go and tell Madame Starch, I will have no more of her impertinence, and no less ridiculous excuses; what does Lady Mandeville mean by attempting to make the daughter of Lord Hugh de Tracy, a female pedant; heaven preserve me from seeing Adela a petticoat philosopher!”

At this moment, Adela entered the room; she welcomed me and my cousins to the Manor with unaffected cordiality, and shook hands with each of us without one atom of that conscious superiority of rank and fortune which makes the possessor both odious and contemptible, as it betrays a contracted mind, and is too often the effect of an ill-directed education, as it is as frequently the offspring of a corrupted heart.

“So Adela,” cried my uncle, “thou hast escaped, child; from thy persecut-

ing Argus, and like a bird flown from thy cage to breathe of the sweets of liberty; come, sit down, and talk to these boys; they have been anxious to see you, I assure you, and ever since they arrived, have talked of nothing else; but now you are come, you see they are as mute as possible, dumb as mice. Zounds! when I was a boy, I would have kissed a pretty girl, if all the great grandfathers and grandmothers in the world had been present."

Notwithstanding this encouraging address of Sir Peter, neither I nor my cousins durst avail ourselves of his kind

invitation to salute Lady Adela, whose fair cheek was tinged with blushes of the deepest dye, while an air of modesty, which was peculiar to her, kept her silent nearly the whole of the evening. Whatever my cousin Joseph thought of the improved beauty and accomplishments of the young heiress, I could not surmise, for he preserved a profound silence, while the volubility of Mortimer never ceased in her praise.

“She would be a divine creature,” cried he “if there was a little more of her, and she was not so confoundedly shy; but, as I said before, Adela is rich,

and wants nothing more to set her off in the eyes of the world but the bags of money which her father will leave her sole mistress of: and curse me, matrimony is such a pill, that by the Lord, it requires something sweet to make it go down; does it not, my grave cousin Cleveland?"

"As you please," replied I, scarcely attending to his remark, for in truth, my thoughts were employed on a very different subject, and that was my future destiny in life: I am no longer a child, thought I, nor ought I to expect that my uncle, worthy as he is, will take from

his own children their inheritance, to give to me. Neither had I passed by unregarded the cold looks which Lady Mandeville and her daughters sometimes cast upon me, nor the oblique hints which they as frequently threw out on my orphan state, more than once too; my feelings had suffered from the petulant warmth of my cousin Mortimer's temper; at the same moment that I received a balsam to the wound by the unvaried sweetness and gentle manners of Joseph, for whose sake, I would have endured much greater taunts, as I sincerely felt for him the affection he so truly merited.

As my mind was occupied with these reflections, on the second day after my arrival at the Manor, I found my spirits at intervals so much greatly depressed, that I could not join with chearfulness in our accustomed amusements; had I known, however, that my dejections had been perceived, I would have exerted every effort in my power to have concealed the real situation of my mind from all human observation, and more especially from my uncle, whom of late I often remarked gazing at me, till an unconscious tear would start from his eyes, and once I heard the almost inarticulate

sentence of "Poor Mariana," pronounced by him with indescribable emotion; and as I took leave of him for the night, I felt his hand clasp mine with more warmth than I could remember from the period of my infancy.

"Egbert," cried he, "I have appointed to-morrow to be set apart for the examination of your studies, and though I doubt not but you have been sedulously attentive to every branch of your education, yet I must find it such as will befit you for the more rational and active part of life; I design you for a gentle-

man and a scholar—but an honest man ; which last title I hope to confer on you to the latest hour of my existence ; at twelve o'clock to-morrow, you must meet me in my study, where also I will appoint Mortimer and Joseph ; you have a strange world to encounter with, and I fear, from the resemblance you bear to your mother, carry with you also that too nice, sensative feeling, which must ever expose a delicate to the rude censures of the vulgar and the illiterate ; you must shut your heart to this intruder, my boy, or you will infallibly err against common sense, which you will find a most necessary ingredient

in the sum total of worldly happiness."

I pressed the hand which was held out to me with reverential regard, but notwithstanding my uncle's injunctions, could not chide back the tear which had fallen so particularly towards the conclusion of the speech he had addressed to me.

In youth's high season, life presents an unvaried landscape of blooming verdour, and strong indeed must be those impressions which can alter its complexion or change its glowing tints to scenes of

sickly hue ; and though my uncle had not communicated his intentions for what he designed me, yet that he would probably do so the very next morning, was sufficiently a subject of contemplation for to keep me wide awake the whole of the night ; and as I now occupied a separate apartment from that of my cousins, I put on my clothes as soon as the dawn appeared, and found myself nearly lost in the middle of my uncle's park ; when my attention was directed towards a copse, so thickly shaded, that its windings were impervious to the sunny rays or gleaming moon, but from which I could plainly distinguish the sound of a low,

soft, and murmuring voice, which was often interrupted by one loud and impetuous, and to which I was no stranger, for it was the voice of Mortimer Mandeville.

I moved with as much alacrity as possible from a spot I now considered sacred, for "if curiosity," said I, "be inherent in the human breast, why not honor, which is also its inmate, have equal influence over our sensations?"

Again the voice of a female, whose tones I could not help fancying were familiar to my ear, broke out, but with-

stronger emphasis than ever, into low murmurs as it seemed of tender reproach, which were answered by her companion at every sentence with a loud laugh, and a passionate exclamation of "Fool, simpleton."

I now instantly quitted the side of the copse with a kind of lurking inclination I confess about me, to obtain a glance of the fair incognita with whom Mortimer was conversing, but to my great relief, I found a blush of shame rising to my cheek, and I walked without intermission till I was within ten yards of my uncle's house before I could recover

my *self-possession*. Ah, curiosity, I have for once, thought I, got the better of thee; for tempting as thou art, thou canst never vanquish honor, in whose white livery I neither will betray myself, nor meanly pry into the secrets of another.

End of Chapter Sixth.

CHAP. VII.

I found all parties at my return had assembled in the breakfast room, but my cousin Mortimer and Lady Adela. Surely, thought I, the unseen female with whom Mortimer was conversing, could never have been the delicate little Adela. I scorned the suggestion, from the extreme timidity of her character, yet I

know not why, the sensation which this very suggestion started into my mind, made me unsasy ; and I beheld Adela, who presently joined us, with the most unaffected and unembarrassed manner, take her place at the table, with perhaps less pleasure than I had ever seen her before. And why I did feel so was a question, which, at this period, I forgot to ask myself.

It was not till the second cup had been handed round, that Mortimer made his appearance ; but he was in high spirits, and talked with his usual volubility ; while the toast and butter was

done ample justice to in the exercise of his appetite.

“Good morning to your night cap!” cried my uncle, “why Mortimer, thou hast slept well, my boy; we have waited near an hour for you from our usual repast, and an apology is at least due due to the only Lady who at present, graces my table.”

“Oh! Lady Adela is so good humour-ed that I am persuaded she will easily pardon an omission, which was by no means intentional,” said Mortimer.

Adela, received this apology with a smile, but at the same moment with a look so archly directed towards him, that his cheeks flushed crimson; and I again thought of the copse with increased inquietude. I knew not what to think, for I was beginning to suspect, that Adela possessed a spark of coquetry in her disposition, which in all females I despised.

Joseph was grave, and I thought more pensive than usual, and his attentions to Lady Adela, though perfectly respectful, seemed constrained, while Mortimer, stationed at her elbow, at

every sentence uttered a compliment to her praise, even where it was by no means necessary; but how far she received this unmeaning adulation with satisfaction, I could not devise, as the little conversation she held with us was most polite and affable, but nothing more. Indeed, I sometimes conceived, that when her looks were directed towards me, she was more than usually reserved and cold. Ah! thought I, the children of poverty, are seldom singled out to meet the cordial smile, or made to feel the genial warmth of friendship; Adela is rich, and I am poor, already has she learned the gross distin-

tions betwixt poverty and affluence, and yet so early taught to imbibe such mercenary principles, 'tis strange! but why strange? thought I to myself, her preceptress is Lady Mandeville. From these reflections, which were by no means favorable to the character of the little heiress, I was roused by a summons from my uncle, and my heart underwent a change of sensations as new as they were pleasing!

“My uncle,” cried I, “my worthy uncle, in meeting thee, I do indeed behold the only friend I have in this wide expanse of earthly happiness; thou art not mer-

cenary, no ; thou art the general friend of humanity ; the friend also, alas ! the only friend, of Egbert Cleveland."

I entered my uncle's study, with a countenance in which he might have traced each movement of my heart ; that heart now throbbed with gratitude ; he was alone, and scarce had the appellation of "dear boy," escaped his lips, when I burst into a torrent of tears ! he was affected, and holding out his hand to me with his accustomed kindness, exclaimed,

"Why, Egbert, this is not well done

of you, to catch me in one of my rainy day humours, with a face like Don Quixote. Why, what is the matter, boy, and what art whimpering for? dost want a top to spin, or a rocking horse to ride on?

“I want nothing sir,” replied I, endeavouring to get the better of my emotion, which I feared had hitherto displeased him. “What can I want? your kindness leaves me not a wish ungratified, your bounty supplies me with every thing; I have no thought that is not connected with my gratitude towards you, and

your approbation is the proudest aim of my ambition."

"Well, well," cried my uncle, brushing away a tear which I perceive had stolen a march upon him, for he turned to smile with mirthful good humour, "I will have no more of this, I promise you; I verily believe you are a good youth, let that suffice when I tell you it is my intention to provide for you handsomely, I shall send you to college with your cousins, and though my eldest son will at my decease most naturally and undoubtedly become my heir, yet you shall possess an inheritance wholly independ-

ant of him or his brother, in the which I shall not rank you inferior with the rest of my children; while you remain at college, your remittances will be on an equal par with Mortimer and Joseph; when your studies shall be completed, we will then talk of further plans, and the choice of a profession, which shall be ultimately left to your own decision."

At this most disinterested proof of my uncle's generosity, I became so affected, that on seeing my cousins enter the study, I was obliged to retire for a few moments, in order to suppress feelings,

of which, though I had no cause to be ashamed, yet I would willingly hide from the observation of my excellent uncle, for whom I ever felt a veneration approaching almost to a Celestial Being.

Mortimer who had no profession to embrace, had nothing in contemplation but to move in the easy sphere of a modern fine gentleman, who was one day to inherit his father's title and possessions, held but a short conference with Sir Peter relative to the management of his future studies, for he was by nature gay,

volatile, and indolent, and the small progress he had made in his education was indeed superficial, when compared with the enlightened mind and improved accomplishments of his brother Joseph, whose rational turn of disposition and gentle manners disposed him for the church, for which nature had likewise eminently formed him ; his person being manly and graceful, his voice clear and harmonious, and the expression of his countenance divinely beautiful ; no sooner had Joseph disclosed his intentions to his father of wishing to take holy orders than a loud laugh of derision burst from the lips of his ironical brother.

“ Did I not always prophesy Egbert,” cried he, “ that Joseph would be a parson. Most Reverend Divine! when you take holy orders, do admit me one of your congregation, my life on’t the very first sermon you preach will be for the reformation of the morals of your most incorrigible brother.”

A look more severe than ever I remember in my life, shot from the eyes of my uncle.

“ Reformation to your morals,” cried he.

“I hope sir, your morals do not stand in need of reformation at present; when they do, you have a father who may not chuse to spare you, or suffer you to escape from reprehension, however light you may think the subject of your raillery.”

Mortimer if he felt not Sir Peter's just proof, looked abashed even to confusion, but with his usual nonchalance he replied,

“On my soul, I meant no offence sir, not any I assure you, only when I looked in Joseph's grave face ——.”

“You looked in the face of your brother,” added my uncle, “and a brother is not the most proper object you can think of marking out as a fit subject for your ridicule; in future I hope you will be more cautious, lest you give an offence I shall not so easily pardon.”

With these words, my uncle walked gravely out of his study, leaving me and my cousins at liberty to follow as we pleased, Mortimer, though he bit his lips, and reddened a little with vexation in the presence of his father, now burst into an immoderate fit of laughter declar-

ing that what he had uttered was a monstrous good joke, and that the old boy need not have kicked up such a noise about it. For let me die," cried he, "if I can help laughing at the idea of seeing Joseph mount the pulpit to the view of all the country joskins, farmers' fat wives, and starched old maids in the neighbourhood of Leicestershire. Zounds and the devil! now I think of it, he may stand a chance of making a conquest there, as well as any-where else ; there will be such turning up of the whites of their eyes, such sighing and groaning, and so many Ahs! and Ohs!

when the clerk cries Amen! that after he has preached three times in the parish church, who knows but he may lead some pious spinster to the hymeneal altar three weeks afterwards, "but by all that's lovely I'm off," continued Mortimer, "on the wing like a skylark, there is sweet Lady Adela gone to water her flowers; the fairest of which does not look half so blooming as herself:—sweet little soul, what an innocent she is; I must away and talk her out of this romantic possession for flowers.—Zounds! now I think of it, I should hate a wife, always boring one to death

130 THE SON AND THE NEPHEW; OR,

about the healing balsam of a plant, or the colour of a carnation; let me but see that colour mount to her cheeks, and the sparkling lustre in her eyes, I care not for her other accomplishments, so I am off to hoax little Adela out of her whimsical employment."

"A young woman might be much worse employed, do you not think so?" cried I to Joseph, as he leaned his arm pensively on the chair which Mortimer had quitted.

"Or an old woman either," answered

he, "for they never cease to talk of scandal, condemning without one spark of lenity the very follies of which they themselves have been guilty when equally young and thoughtless, with perhaps not half so good a heart to excuse them for it."

"Ah Joseph," cried I, "we must not expect to find many such characters as Lucilla Penman, who is in herself blameless, but is charitable to the feelings of her own sex ; were every old maid thus, surely the shafts of ridicule would not be pointed at the whole community,

and men if they cannot love, would learn to treat them with respect."

My cousin Joseph's sentiments and my own were for the most part congenial, and as he assented very cordially to those I last expressed, we strolled arm in arm together round the plantations of Manor Park, and on our way thither were met by an old, but of late, a very unfortunate tenant of my uncle's, whom Lady Mandeville had a twelvemonth before caused to be turned out of his little farm and to the relief of whose distressed family Lady Adela had so generously contributed.

I always held a respectful deference towards age, especially when misfortune and calamity adds to the catalogue of its infirmities.

The eldest daughter of farmer Blackburne had, from a child, been brought up in the service of Lady Mandeville, and was perhaps from the education which her Ladyship had given her, far superior to her humble situation, which she was taught to feel and to experience every hour in the capacity of lady's maid to the Miss Mandevilles, who, while they invented every species of ill humour to torment her, envied the superiority of

those personal charms with which Lubina Blackburne was eminently gifted; her face and form being exquisitely lovely; this Lady Mandeville very soon discerned, and for this very cause, kept her from observation as much as she possibly could in the Manor House:—Notwithstanding her precaution, however, Lubina was sometimes seen, and once seen, for beauty became the general topic of conversation with all that visited the Manor; frequently, indeed had I heard Mortimer Mandeville, when his mother was out of hearing, mention Lubina in a style of such warm approbation, as I

surmised would at one period or other prove disadvantageous to her situation, if not dangerous to her repose.

When farmer Blackburne, therefore, informed Joseph and I that he had the good fortune to be reinstated again in his farm, to which was also added one hundred acres more of land, and that by the intercession of Mr. Mandeville, I could not help exchanging looks with Joseph, which he interpreted in silence and I trembled for the happiness of the beautiful, and as I thought, the innocent, Lubina!

The day following, our hitherto little agreeable party were interrupted by the arrival of Lady Mandeville and her now highly finished daughter; when I say highly finished, they were indeed completely finished, for more could nor be added to render them fashionable fine ladies.

Clotilda was more disgusting by a display of arrogance, which was insufferable, and Jamima more ridiculous than ever by an affectation which was exerted on the most trifling occasion, and which her masculine person by no means lessened; her complexion never

good, was now heightened by a mask of deep rouge, very unfavorable to the expression of her large, black, staring eyes.

Miss Mandeville, though she did not rouge so highly as her sister, added to her sallow cheeks a quantity of white paint, which sometimes made her look ghastly, but as she had predilections for being thought a sleeping beauty, she conceived it would give a languishing expression to her naturally languid countenance; so the white rose and the red rose now vied with each other which should conquer most; the one by insi-

pidity, and the other by disgusting flippancy.

Miss Penman, to finish the groupe, appeared like herself, the good-humoured picture of pleasant eccentricity, wounding the feelings of no one; dignified in her own sentiments, and yet adhering to her own opinions without departing from good manners.

Whatever my aunt thought of the improvement in her darling Mortimer, she at this moment was pleased to do justice to her youngest son, whom she declared was a perfect Adonis.

“And Egbert Cleveland,” said she, as she glanced coldly towards me, “why the boy is grown out of my knowledge: But bless me, Sir Peter, what have you done with Lady Adela? why do I not find her in the drawing room to welcome my return home?”

“That is a question you must ask yourself,” replied my uncle, “for upon my life, your Ladyship left such hand-restrictions to be imposed on her, that had I permitted them to have been put in force, the poor girl would by this time have been as white as a turnip, and as thin as a weazle, instead of looking, as

you shall presently see, blooming as a little Hebe, and elastic as one of my young fawns."

"Upon my word, Sir Peter," answered her Ladyship, "you would spoil the finest system of education in the world by your excessive indulgence; Lady Adela is not her own mistress if you will recollect, and it is by no means proper, that a girl like her should have too much liberty."

"Oh, mamma! spare your eloquence," drawled out Miss Clotilda, with her eyes

half shut, for nothing human will ever make Adela forget her gothic ignorance.

“ I never beheld any creature in my life so ill cut out for a woman of title,” observed Miss Jamima, playing with the deep lace that shaded, but by no means covered her bosom, “ had I such a fortune, I am sure my papa should never spoil me.”

“ No, my dear, I left that for your mother to do long ago,” said my uncle.

“ You are insufferably rude,” retorted

my aunt, "is not Sir Peter, now, my dear Miss Penman?"

"Not for speaking a truth, Lady Mandeville," answered Miss Penman, who added, notwithstanding Miss Jamima's pouting looks, "and that is as plain a truth as ever I heard uttered."

Miss Penman then adopted her favorite plan of quietly taking the first candlestick she could find in her way, and walking off to bed. While the Miss Mandevilles almost expiring, fatigued to death from the last stage, in which they had travelled at a snail's gallop, wrapt

up in scarlet pelisses, lined with swans-down, in an elegant covered barouche, ordered white wine whey to be immediately prepared with a bottle of hearts-horn drops, to keep them from fainting during the operation of undressing before they resigned themselves to the arms of Morpheus.

“And I,” cried Lady Mandeville, “must positively go and lecture Lady Adela before I go to sleep, or she will forget her first lesson in the morning.” And her Ladyship left the room, first kissing the cheeks of her darling Mor-

timer, while she nodded a cold, "good night to you," to the rest of the party.

"And I," said Mortimer, mimicking his mother, "must go with the groom into the stable and look at my Nancy, or she will forgot her first lesson in the morning," and away went Mortimer.

"Very pleasantly settled upon my soul," cried my uncle, deliberately taking a pinch of snuff, "and now young gentleman what may your pleasure be before you go to sleep."

"To wish you a very good night sir,"

answered Joseph and I, at the same instant. My uncle smiled.

“The very best thing I can do then,” said he, “will be to read an essay on the trial of patience.” And we all three repaired to our respective apartments.

End of Chapter Seventh.

CHAP. VIII.

It was soon after the family of Sir Peter Mandeville had retired to rest, and long before the morning had begun to dawn, when I awoke with a sensation in my throat approaching nearly to that suffocation, and though I could not discern the slightest glimmering of light in my chamber, yet there was a smell

of smoke and sulphur which seemed to issue from the windows that overpowered me. And throwing my clothes about me in the best manner I could, I removed the bars from the casement and beheld to my utter terror and amazement, flames bursting from the interior part of the groom's chamberlain, which were immediately joining with the magnificent stabling, which my uncle had lately built for the more easy accommodation of himself and friends during the term of the hunting season, those which formerly belonged to the Manor being stationed at too great a distance from the house.

I had not a moment to reflect on the cause of this so sudden conflagration, for Joseph, who slept in a chamber adjoining to mine, and who had been roused from his sleep with similar sensations, now called on my name in an agony of fright, I scrambled to him in the dark, and assisting him to throw on his clothes, he followed me in an instant into the great hall, where, with all the strength we could muster, we rang the alarm bell, whose loud peal of terror instantaneously roused the domestics and created fear and consternation in the breasts of the whole family! I flew to the door of my uncle's chamber, as-

suring him that the danger would be small if immediately attended to; my uncle instantly rose, and giving every necessary order, hastened to soothe and calm the apprehensions of his daughters, but my aunt absolutely screamed with terror, and Clotilda and Jamima, who were huddled together in their night clothes, now crept to the bedchamber of their alarmed mother, alternately squaling and clinging to her arms, which could ill support their weight.

“Oh, where, O where is Mortimer?” cried my aunt, “cruel boy! not to come to his distracted mother!”

In this way my aunt continued to rave and talk, till my uncle out of all patience, exclaimed,

“ Sarah, I am ashamed of your weakness; what have you more to fear for Mortimer than the rest of your children.”

“ O yes, he is my darling!” instantly roared out my aunt, to the still greater displeasure of Sir Peter, and he sarcastically observed,

“ Well then, your darling is gone to try if he cannot save Nancy and Betsey

Blossom from the flames; you see Sarah, he is more anxious for the preservation of his blood mares, than alarmed for the safety of the whole family."

My uncle had uttered facts, Mortimer had jumped from his bed the moment he learned the catastrophe, and without considering that the life of a human being might be in danger, thought only what assistance he could render the firemen in the stable.

"Zounds and the devil!" cried he, "I would not lose Betsey Blossom for the best pack of hounds Sir Peter could give

me; so work away, my hearties, save my spankers, and let the bon-fire blaze."

The bon-fire did blaze till it reached a most alarming height, and notwithstanding the utmost exertions of the firemen, it was rapidly approaching towards the east wing of the Manor House, part of the groom's chamberlain having already fallen in with a dreadful crash! and the general consternation which this occasioned, became dreadful; the flames increasing each moment—the ringing of bells—the cries of the frightened females—and the terror that prevailed even in the breasts of the firemen, rendered the

Manor one mass of general confusion ; and for further safety, it was even now thought necessary to remove every valuable within the repository of the stone chapel belonging to the Manor : in a long gallery of which chapel, hung the rich and valuable paintings of my uncle's noble ancestors, which had been handed down from generation to generation, till they became the property of the present possessor : to this gallery was likewise added a spacious saloon, fitted up in the gothic style, and to this saloon it was presently determined that the whole family should repair as the most commodious and convenient place of safety.

But scarcely had we all assembled in this consecrated spot, Sir Peter, Lady Mandeville, her daughters, and my cousin Joseph and Mortimer, the latter of whom rejoiced that he had placed Betsey Blossom beyond the reach of danger, when every individual of the family and belonging to the whole house were present, and as we fancied, in perfect security, Lady Adela, who was stationed with Lubina Blackburne near one of the gothic windows in pensive contemplation of the scene around her, uttered a sudden and piercing shriek—I flew towards her, and beheld from the windows, the cause of her almost involun-

tary cry of horror! It was part of the east wing enveloped in one complete blaze! and in the agitation of my spirits, I did not, till this moment, recollect that the apartments which Miss Penman had occupied, were situated in this quarter; the same reflection now darted across the mind of Adela, and she exclaimed, with an indescribable expression of mental agony,

“Oh! Miss Penman, dear, good Miss Penman, what will become of her? she will be burnt to death in the flames, I am sure she will; yonder is her cham-

ber—Almighty powers! will nobody fly to save her!”

“Oh, Miss Penman,” exclaimed my aunt, “Oh, Lucilla Penman, I shall never see you more!”

“I will give five hundred pounds reward,” cried my uncle, looking round to his numerous domestics that flocked together in the chapel, “to that brave fellow, who will step forward in this hour of peril to save the life of that worthy woman.”

“My noble master, the attempt would

be useless," cried the boldest of the firemen, "if she has slept in any part of the east wing; I am sorry to say it is by this time pretty nigh demolished;—I care not for life—a man can die but once—but to throw it away without any service, is but poor work, as a body may say."

"God of heaven! must she then be left to perish," cried my uncle, "amidst the devouring flames, while her friends, the wretched spectators of her dreadful fate, dare not stretch forth a hand to save her!"

“Not for my soul’s eternal peace will I stand by and see Miss Penman perish!” cried I, “my life is indeed of little value, but it would be less, were it not exerted in the cause of such goodness and humanity.”

The scene before me faded on my sight. It was in vain that my uncle and Joseph cautioned me to desist; and while with one effort of determined resolution, I flung from their outstretched arms—the next moment beheld me precipitate into the burning flames that now threatened destruction on every side to all beneath its direful influence! I saw

nothing, I heard nothing, save the agonized cry which had burst from the lips of Adela: and I flew, unconscious of the scorching flames that every where opposed my entrance, and reached, in the midst of sulphur and of smoke, the staircase leading to the passage, which communicated with the apartments of Miss Penman;—but to my inexpressible agony and horror, found that I could proceed no further—as I expected instant annihilation from the huge columns of smoke that encompassed me!

Frustrating, completely, every effort that I then could make of saving the un-

fortunate victim of inevitable calamity, I uttered an exclamation of horror! my senses were bewildered, and hopelessly rushing from a spot which every moment promised death, I was preparing to retrace my way back, when a faint moan arrested my attention; it seemed to breathe the voice of an expiring sufferer! and though I could not distinguish from whence it proceeded, I judged it to be no other than the voice of poor Miss Penman! who, having crept from her apartment at the beginning of the fire, had groped her way into some passage, fainted through terror, and was now

expiring in the midst of this dreadful conflagration ! I had not a moment to reflect on, a thought so shockingly terrific, and which harrowed up my very soul : for as I gave an involuntary motion with my right foot against the pannel of a door, through which I was obliged to pass, my left rested on something that rolled beneath it !—I stopped—I gasped for breath—I groped with my hands towards it—it was a human form that my hands encircled—it was Miss Penman !

“ Alive ! ” exclaimed I, “ Alive ! Oh, if yet alive, Lucilla Penman, I may save thee !! ”

I know not what I did, what I uttered, only that I held Miss Penman in my arms;—and as I bore her with the rapacity of lightning from the surrounding flames, I felt the pulsations of her heart beat against mine, and my joy was too great for utterance! I heeded not the scorching heat which oppressed, and was now nearly overpowering me; nor parted with my charge, till I resigned her to the arms of Sir Peter and Lady Mandeville.

One shout of general acclamation and joy burst from the lips of the surrounding spectators; and though not insensi-

ble of the valuable gem I had preserved from destruction. at the hazard of my own existence, yet I was covered with confusion when the oldest and most practised of the firemen declared that I had achieved one of the most daring and perilous actions they ever remembered to have been done in the whole course of their experience; while tears of rapturous affection and congratulation chased each other down the face of my excellent uncle.

But it was impossible to describe the look and action of Miss Penman, who opening her eyes in the moment of her

recollection, fixed them on mine with the expression of a Seraph. She beckoned me towards her as she reclined on the shoulder of Lady Mandeville, and while torrents of tears fell over her face, she took hold of my hand; she pressed it to her heart, but she was silent—a look more full of meaning than volumes could have spoken being directed towards me; and had a million of interpreters been present, they could not have conveyed to me more forcibly the sentiment of gratitude flowing from a soul like Lucilla Penman's.

I was now sitting between my uncle

and Joseph, suffering such intense pain from my right arm, which I apprehended was scorched by the flames, that the anguish was intolerable, but I knew not that it was discoverable in the expression of my countenance, till Adela started from her seat; she addressed some words towards me, but she was so tremulous, that I could not understand their meaning, until she took off the white veil in which she had wrapt herself, and approached Miss Penman.

“Oh, dearest madam,” cried she, “that you are safe and here amongst us—how I rejoice! but your preserver!”

The lips of Adela faltered, she trembled, and her cheeks were covered with blushes of the deepest scarlet ; all attention was now directed towards her, but notwithstanding their looks she continued,

“ But your preserver, madam, has not escaped unhurt.”

Lady Adela said no more, she resumed her seat, threw the veil over her face, and while all pressed around me to know what injury I had received, and what assistance could be offered, this feeling, fascinating girl would not hazard another look towards me.

"She has done her duty," said I to myself, "the notice of which was common to humanity! what more ought Egbert Cleveland to expect from the wealthy heiress of Lord Hugh de Tracy? what more? why nothing," said I answering myself the intrusive question.

I know not how it was, however, that I was haunted on my pillow with the blush that crimsoned Adela's cheek, and the trembling lips that asked assistance for the wounded arm; ah, thought I, if this fire lasts it will consume me!

Time shall give a balsam to heal the wounded arm! but what can administer a balm to heal a wounded heart.

End of Chapter Eighth.

CHAP. IX.



The ensuing morning after this eventful and ever-to-be-remembered night—a night which I firmly believe marked my destiny for the space of many succeeding years! presented a scene of confusion and devastation not easily to be described, it could only be felt—and felt it was by my worthy uncle with the pa-

tience and fortitude of a Christian and a man ! though not with the *stoicism* of the *philosopher*. He could not behold the once-magnificent and splendid mansion of his noble ancestors nearly levelled to the ground, without evincing the most deep and heart-felt concern. All the household furniture, together with some of his finest horses, which had been the most material sufferers by the fire, were completely destroyed ! Likewise, the most part of the rich and expensive ornaments and wearing apparel of the whole family ; including the property of Miss Penman, and the wardrobe of

Lady Adela—the plate and jewels only were preserved. Yet there were considerations highly consolatory to Lady Mandeville and her daughters, who, on the first moments of composure, now deeply deplored the loss of their precious and most favorite ornaments, which had been so lately imported from the gay metropolis. Jamima, however, comforted herself with the reflection, by whispering in the ear of her afflicted sister, that their papa was rich enough to buy them more.

“That he is, my dearest loves,” repeated by aunt in an ecstasy, “and you

shall both have diamond crescents at the very next assembly."

This sentence was pronounced so audibly, that it reached the ear of my uncle when the mutability of all human affairs in the great and recent loss he had experienced, wholly occupied his mind; and never did I see him so highly displeased.

"Ridiculous girls," cried he, "and you, Lady Mandeville, their more ridiculous mother, to encourage their preposterous vanity; you provoke me, Sarah; provoke me to speak unpleasing

truths; perish the empty baubles they have lost! and with my own consent, they never shall be replaced till they have learned to estimate the true value of all worldly riches—the inestimable treasure which lies in the possession of a feeling heart!”

There was a point in which Lady Mandeville dared not dissent from—the strict avowed principles of her husband; and she thought proper to vary the subject by adverting to Lady Adela.

“How fortunate, my love,” cried she, “that only yesterday you should have

consigned to my care the invaluable casket of jewels which your father presented you with when you quitted Germany; I should have been inconsolable for their loss; would not you, my sweet Adela?"

"They were my mother's, and for that reason were most precious to me," replied Adela, "but had I lost this jewel, which I prize more than all the world, the loss would indeed have been irreparable."

So saying, Lady Adela unfastened the gold chain which was suspended

from her bosom, and presented to Lady Mandeville the portrait of her father.

“It is excessively like his Lordship,” said my aunt, “but positively not half so handsome; so really, Adela, you would sooner have parted with your jewels, than have suffered a separation from this little bit of trumpery ivory? well, that is saying a great deal; but you are a most eccentric girl, is not she, my dear Miss Penman?”

“So eccentric, that I believe you will not find her fellow among the list of

fashionable young ladies," replied Miss Penman, who glanced a look towards Lady Adela expressive of her warmest approbation, while she threw one on Clotilda and Jamima that by no means accorded with the present sensations of their crafty mother.

It was uniformly agreed, that the future residence of the Mandeville family should now be at Datchet Mead, a beautiful little estate, which at the demise of a great aunt, Lady Rosalie Mandeville, became the property of Sir Peter: even before he had attained the age of twenty one, it had ever been the favorite retreat

of his ancestors, and was particularly endeared to my uncle by its having also been the chosen place of retirement of his mother, in whose sequestered and tranquil shades his beloved sister, the long lamented Mariana was born. Datchet Mead, therefore, possessed a magnetic influence over the feelings of my excellent uncle, and in this spot, he determined to reside till the Manor House could be got forward in a state of repair fit for the reception of the family ; and which, though my aunt had strenuously opposed, it being much too solitary and remote from the metropolis, yet she could not carry her point, and all the

delights of a second presentation at St. James's, and the gay festivities of Cavendish Square, were necessarily obliged to be delayed to the complete chagrin and mortification of the Miss Mandevilles...

In a few days after our arrival at the Meads, which indeed presented a scene of the most picturesque beauty, being seated on the rising of a hill, whose sides were abundantly supplied with foilage of the most lively description, at the bottom of which ran a small lake, whose water appeared composed of the purest chrystal, and over which the variegated

flowers of blooming spring had already spread their softest lustre; nor shall I ever forget the sensation that affected and nearly overpowered my feelings on my first beholding this enchanting and beloved retreat of my uncle's ancestors, rendered so sacred to me by its being also the birth place of my mother!

Ah! thought I, as I rested my eyes on some beautiful ivy, which crept round the body of an aged oak, here once did the youthful and lovely Mariana commune with her gentle thoughts; graceful as the eglantine that entwines yon bower, and sweet as the wild rose, that

grew beneath her hand ! and an involuntary sigh, that such a being no longer existed, sprung from my bosom at a moment, when I thought I should have escaped from observation, but I found the eyes of my uncle were fixed upon me with an emotion of tenderness he did not attempt to conceal, while as he leaned on my arm, in tremulous accents he affectionately pronounced,

“ Dear boy ! in these shades lived, and grew almost to womanhood your dear loved mother ! methinks in each soft whisper of the breeze, I hear her

gentle voice, and see her ariel form, in the shadow of these tress! Yes, Egbert, Mariana was an angel, to whose resemblance of mental graces and personal loveliness I cannot even now compare but one earthly female whom I have ever seen."

"Would I could behold that woman who resembles my mother," exclaimed I with an energy I could not suppress, "Ah, with what sacred veneration should I approach her."

"It is well you had not said love," cried my uncle, looking at me with keen

penetration, "for the woman I mean is no other than Lady Adela Hugh de Tracy!"

It is impossible to describe the thrilling ecstasy which at this moment stole over my senses and throbbed at my very heart!

"Indeed sir," cried I, "does Lady Adela indeed so strongly resemble my mother."

"So much so," answered my uncle, "that when she speaks, I could almost believe the voice was Mariana's, and

the smile that dimples her mouth, is the identical one of my gentle sister's; you will doubtless, therefore, Egbert on this very account," continued my uncle with an arch smile, "feel a respect for Lady Adela, because ———."

My uncle stopped, for he had not, till this moment, appeared to be sensible of the expression of my countenance, and I unwilling to betray an emotion which language could not have been adequate to reveal, suddenly replied,

"O yes, sir, I shall always respect Lady Adela, because ———."

For the soul of me I could not get another word out of my mouth, and I looked like a fool when my uncle uttered, "Because what, Egbert?"

"Because she so strongly resembles my mother, sir," said I, and wondering how this simple word should have so overwhelmed me with confusion, as to cover my face with burning blushes, I escaped from Sir Peter to avoid an explanation.

End of Chapter Ninth.

CHAP. X.



That actions the most pure, and motives the most benevolent, may be perverted by the false constructions which others chuse to place upon them, is a lamentable truth which it is impossible to deny ; and I was doomed to find this observation truly verified in the conduct of my aunt and cousins, Joseph, the

noble-hearted Joseph alone excepted. In having been accessary to the preservation of one individual in the family, I had now fallen in the estimation of the whole, attributing my conduct to motives of self-interest, and to principles which my soul revolted at, and my judgment condemned; nor was it till some days after our arrival at the Meads, that I was able to account for the increased coldness of my aunt Mandeville towards me, and the petulant display of ill-humour in my cousins, who, on every occasion attempted to wound my feelings by sarcasms the most pointed and severe; my cousin Mortimer was scarce-

ly civil to me, and when a large party was expected to dinner at the Meads, for the express purpose of paying a farewell compliment to the son and heir, he took an opportunity of picking a quarrel with me in the most unhandsome and ungentlemanlike manner, to all of which I replied not a word till he saluted me with the appellation of "Beggardy Rival," and then, no longer able to endure such torrents of insolent prevarication, I indignantly cried,

"Hold, Mr. Mandeville! another word, and you may repent your petulance."

“What!” retorted he, “am I threatened, and by *you*?”

“Not so, Mortimer,” cried I, “you know I would not, could not fight you; the son of my uncle, the child of my benefactor is sacred to me, and I would as soon level a pistol at my own heart, as at your’s; yet I am no coward, you know I am not, and it is therefore mean and unmanly of you to take advantage of my feelings: “but pray, sir,” continued, I “what part of my conduct has drawn upon me your unmerited abuse? in what can Egbert Cleveland be considered the rival of Mr. Mortimer Man-

deville, a blush of conscious reproof tinged the cheeks of Mortimer as she replied,

“Have you not lost me the interest of Miss Penman? and do you not now at this moment stand forth the insolent pretender to the hand and fortune of Lady Adela?”

“Pretend to the hand and fortune of Lady Adela?” exclaimed I, while a tremulous agitation pervaded my whole frame.

“Your insinuation is false sir,” and your assertion without truth or justice :

My conduct to Lady Adela has been uniformly such as I would adopt to her whole sex; and with Miss Penman, perish the mercenary principles you have branded me with; in the which I did but the duty of a man, I saved Miss Penman from consuming fire! but it was the interposition of heaven alone that guided my hand; however, sir, that worthy woman will acquit me that in the attempt I had any sinister design, and your own heart as well, Mortimer, if that heart yet retains one spark of generosity or candour; and be assured, sir, that though I feel greatly wounded by your unjust suspicions, yet your

petulence nor your rudeness, shall neither tempt me to retaliate, nor your brutality provoke me to lift my hand against the son of my benefactor."

With these words, which I uttered with collected firmness; I left Mortimer to his own recollections and in a state of mind by no means enviable, entered my own apartments to make some arrangements in my dress as it was near the hour of dinner time and many of the expected visitants had already arrived; the windows of my chamber were so situated as to command a perspective view of the enchanting scenery that surrounding the Meads, and as I contemp-

plated with pensive enthusiasms, nature's beautiful variety which was dispensed even to the humblest flower of the shade, I involuntary sighed at the arrogance and ingratitude of man! that in no situation, though blessed with nature's bounteous gifts will acknowledge himself satisfied with the lot in which his stars have placed him: surely thought I, there is a fatality in human nature, which cannot soar above the mercenary views of this world, in which they have not the power of remaining a moment longer than a superior destiny decrees; yet they carry on an existence in oppressing the oppressed, and wounding

the feelings of the too nicely sensitive when they unfortunately do not possess the gifts of bloated affluence.

As I ruminated on the conduct of Mortimer Mandeville, I found myself perplexed and embarrassed, as I could in no way account for his so sudden and unprecedented behaviour towards me; it is true that ever since the memorable night of the dreadful conflagration at the Manor House, Miss Penman had honored me with the most distinguished marks of her regard and approbation, after testifying her unbounded gratitude by shedding tears whenever she named

me as the saviour of her life, which particular notice, and the further hints she threw out of some little independence she intended to bequeath me at her demise, served as fuel to the fire already raging in the bosom of Lady Mandeville, and for ever stamped that invincible dislike, which, even in my infant years had failed to make any impression of kindness towards me. Already did she behold in me the barrier to her long-projected plan of possessing the whole of the property of Miss Penman, and already was I considered by her Ladyship the upstart mushroom that was to level

her blossoms to the ground ; for this accusation of offence, however unmerited, I could in some measure account.

“ But Lady Adela,” exclaimed I, “ who dares accuse me of having sinister designs on Lady Adela? What demon of revenge has conjured up this in the mind of Lady Mandeville and her family, that I should thus be loaded with opprobrium and contempt? I aspire to the hand of Lady Adela? Oh! I am not so arrogant and so vain, as to hope that I could possess a place in her remembrance.

I know not how it was, that notwithstanding my consciousness that I could be nothing in the estimation of Lady Adela, yet the thrilling recollection of my wounded arm having once been an object of of attention to her, fascinated my senses, and still on my imagination like "the sweet south breathing from a bank of violets," and I mournfully exclaimed,

"Oh! why should I refuse to acknowledge, that so enchanting a creature is worthy the homage and love of all mankind? Yes, Adela, I too would, to worship, though I dared not pay my vows ;

yet wert thou the daughter of a peasant, poor, humble and unportioned like myself, and Egbert Cleveland the son of a monarch, proud should I be to share my glory and my wealth with thee, sweet maid."

During these reflections, the object that had engaged the greatest part of them appeared, and from her dress, I concluded she was only just returned from a morning's ramble; she held a covered basket on her arm, the contents of which she seemed particularly anxious to hide from observation, and with a lighter step than usual, she tripped

across the lawn, hardly seeming, from her gossamer movements, to crush the party-coloured little daizy and the yellow butter-cup, with which the grass had already become diversified. She was met at the end of the lawn by Mortimer, who attempted to join her in conversation, but saluting him with a cold and distant curtsey, she ran into the house. I was ill natured enough I confess to feel a triumphant joy at an incident which could in no way concern me, but I was not master of my feelings as might be evident; when having taken up several volumes that lay scattered in my apartments, at opening each page, I succes-

sively pronounced the name of Adela. So thought I, it is high time to go down stairs, and with a countenance which could ill conceal the agitation of my mind, I prepared to enter the drawing room of Sir Peter, in which were assembled persons of the first rank, nobility and fashion, and amongst others soon after my entrance, I discovered the blooming daughters of Sir James Somerville, whom I accosted with the most respectful enquiry after their health since I had last the pleasure of beholding them at the Manor.

I was answered by Miss Somerville

with that elegant good breeding which always distinguishes a gentlewoman; and with her sister, the gentle Emma, I soon entered into a conversation of the most rational and pleasing kind, in which we were presently joined by Joseph Mandeville, whom I never saw more lively or animated; among many other topics which were introduced, the dreadful catastrophe which had occurred at the Manor House, became the subject; by choice I should have remained wholly silent, till Miss Somerville approached me, and tapping me on the shoulder, exclaimed,

“And is it really true, Mr. Cleveland

what is reported of you? but first of all, let me assure you, I am in no way inclined to doubt that you actually stepped forth in the midst of the fire regardless of your own danger to save the life of Miss Penman."

"I do not think, Madam,' replied I in some embarrassment, as this speech had drawn down the attention of the whole company, "that it is in the power of any one human being to save the life of another—Miss Penman's life was in the peculiar care of Providence! there was no merit due to me, nor will I receive the praise which so justly belongs

not to Egbert Cleveland, but to a lady whose entreaty to fly to the assistance of Miss Penman was instinctively obeyed; and though true it is that I bore her in my arms to a place of safety, yet it was the voice of Lady Adela that warned us of her danger."

Though I had not the least intention of gaining the smallest approbation by relating a simple fact, yet I was hailed on all sides, and in conjunction with Lady Adela as the champion of Miss Penman, who called us her "Dear children," in the midst of the whole assembly, and while my aunt and cousins in vain

stified a rage which every moment was growing stronger; and Mortimer could scarcely conceal the envy of his disposition; I beheld with keen regret and a mortification I had never felt before, a more repallant coldness in the manner of Adela towards me than ever, which I attributed to the privilege I had availed myself of by having mentioned her name, but however hurt and pained as I felt myself at her conduct, I was neither humbled nor abashed, for the proud consciousness of having acted right supported me. I therefore assumed a gaiety in my manner which seemed more to surprize than to affect her: and when

the dancing of the evening commenced, I solicited the hand of the younger Miss Somerville, which was granted to me with the most unaffected sweetness.

“For the first and second set, and then,” cried she, “Mr. Cleveland, you will have the goodness to resign me, for positively I am engaged after that for the remainder of the evening to one partner.”

As she said this, I took her hand, and led her to the ball room, softly addressing her as I went,

“And so I am to resign you, sweet

Emma?" cried I; but pray who is my happy rival?"

"One who has a prior right to this fair hand, have not I?" softly ejaculated Joseph Mandeville, who instantly presented himself before us, and seizing the disengaged hand of Emma Somerville, carried it to his lips with a warmth which I thought warranted more than the familiarity of a slight acquaintance, and which never having seen him do before, perfectly astonished and confounded me, the more when turning round to behold the effect which this little piece of gallantry had upon the

lady, I perceived her cheeks to be crimsoned with blushes, while her soft blue eyes expressed every sentiment but displeasure; so then, thought I, Joseph, thou art caught in the trammels of the little blind Deity; but it is not Adela that has led thee to the snare.

What cause I had to be rejoiced at this discovery I know not, but certain it is, that my gaiety, which was before assumed, was now real, and I entered into the spirit of the festive dance not only with a conviction that Emma Somerville was by my side, but with a consciousness that Joseph Mandeville was

not the lover, as I once surmised, of
Lady Adela Hugh de Tracy.

End of Chapter Tenth.

CHAP. XI.



When I resigned the hand of my fair partner to my cousin Joseph, I confess I did not feel any of those sensations of regret or mortification which I should have experienced, had that hand been the hand of Adela, for whom I was apprehensive I had conceived a sentiment that was likely to undermine that repose

which had hitherto been sweet and tranquil as sleeping innocence, and the more distant that fortune had placed her above my hopes, the more tyrannic was the sway she possessed over my feelings. A thousand times as her sylph-like form floated across my imagination, did I wish that poverty had been the lot of this sweet maid ; Ah, then thought I, Adela thou wouldst have been my equal ; poor, like myself, I would have aspired to the blessing of thy hand, and more proud than monarchs would have hailed the treasure of thy love—the greatest gift that heaven can bestow.

I danced with some of the prettiest girls in the room, certainly whose charms to appearance far outshone Adela; but as I rested my eyes on the ever-varying countenance of the fascinating little heiress, I thought no human being even half so fair! Yet fair Adela was not, but the intelligent sweetness that beamed in her dark eyes expressed each sentiment of a soul which nature seemed to have created when she was in a mind to please, and no eye could behold her work without pleasure, no heart but throb convulsively at her touch.

Mortimer had been the happy hero of

the evening, and had obtained the hand of Adela for every succeeding dance, but as my eyes cautiously glanced towards her as he triumphantly led her forth, I clearly could perceive that neither pleasure nor inclination reigned in her features, and that a cold listless ceremony agreeable to the precise forms of fashionable etiquette, had alone induced her to give him her hand. Once too, I caught her eyes straying towards my partner in the dance with an expression that thrilled to my very soul; for it was too much like the sentiment of a passion, without which true love never yet existed. Towards the conclusion of the last

set, she appeared so dispirited and fatigued by the exertions of the evening, that she even solicited permission to retire. This entreaty I overheard in a whisper to my aunt Mandeville by the flighty Jamima, who bursting into a horse-laugh, added to her sweet mamma in her usual strain,

“ Do let the ridiculous gothic creature enjoy her own whims, mamma; and then my brother Mortimer will be at liberty to chuse a partner more agreeable to his taste, for Adela is really enough to give one a fit of the vapours; shall I go and tell her ma, that she may

brush as soon as she pleases, and a good riddance, I say."

"Yes," cried my aunt peevishly, "but have a care, child, that you do not say any thing to offend her; you know she is an heiress, and is rich enough to portion out the whole family, if she pleases."

Miss Jamima pouted, but could not advance a single word against so weighty an argument; she therefore approached Adela with a sort of forced complacency which seemed to say, I had much rather not be civil to you if I could in any way

avoid it, so drawling out, “Mamma says, Lady Adela, you may please yourself, but thinks it is quite cruel of you to desert my brother in the middle of one of his most favorite dances, which is ‘Orange Boven,’ you know; yet I suppose according to custom, you must have your own way.”

And at the conclusion of this very polite and consolatory speech, Miss Jamima tripped off to the other end of the room, and I beheld Lady Adela in a few minutes afterwards accompanied by the eldest Miss Somerville, disappear.

I know not by what fatality I was led to from the impulse of the most irresistible curiosity to converse with Adela, as I conceived, for the last time, and I slowly followed her receding footsteps till I heard her pronounce the kindest Adieu to Isabella Somerville, and then I stationed myself at the end of the avenue, through which I knew she was obliged to pass, employed as it were in searching for something I had lost, which in fact might justly be estimated the truth. I had lost the treasure of a peaceful heart, and it could no where be found but in the bosom of her who had unconsciously stolen it.

With a trepidation that nearly mastered my feelings, I heard the light step that announced her approach, but what was my surprize, my astonishment and confusion, when I heard her pronounce "Egbert Cleveland," in the most heaven-breathing accents!

I would have given worlds at that moment to have become invisible, but she soon observed me in the attitude of an attentive listener, and not giving me time to utter a single sentence, darted through the avenue with the rapidity of lightning: good God! thought I to myself woman is the strangest problem in exist-

ence! why did she pronounce my name at all? or if with such emotion, why in one moment afterwards with such disdain avoid me?

Not being able to account for such caprice, I sought once more the gay scene I had quitted, the festivity of which no longer afforded me pleasure; in sight of Adela my soul had bounded with elasticity, and I beheld, without regret, the entertainments of the evening conclude, and the gay assemblage of company depart in their respective carriages, without breathing the most latent wish or curiosity that they would ever bestow

a thought on me, or feeling the smallest ambition to become a character in the fashionable school of notoriety.

As I retired to my own chamber, my mind dwelling painfully on the events of the day, I accidentally encountered Lubina Blackburne, who having seen the Miss Mandevilles carefully disposed of in the arms of Morpheus, was quietly retreating to her own chamber, but seeing me, she suddenly stopped, and curtsying respectfully, timidly enquired if the day following was fixed for the departure of myself and my cousins from the Meads?

As she made this enquiry with a degree of anxiety and a peculiar earnestness I was not prepared for, I immediately directed my eyes towards her, satisfying her in the point about which she seemed so solicitous. But I became transfixed to the spot to perceive that Lubina was nearly in a state of insensibility; a sudden expression of grief and horror crossing her countenance, while her quivering lips partook of the most ashy paleness.

“Good God! Miss Blackburne,” said I, attempting to support her, “you are exceedingly ill; what has thus alarmed

you ? let me run and procure you some assistance?"

"Not for the universe," she feebly articulated, as her head rested on my shoulder, "you are very good, Mr. Cleveland —— but not for worlds must you bestow a thought on one so —— so —— very —— wretched."

She proceeded no farther, a flood of tears seasonably came to her relief; and at the very moment that Lubina was in the act of disengaging herself from my arms, which for a few moments had

wholly supported her, Mortimer Mandeville rushed in between us."

"Lubina here!" cried he, "and you, Egbert Cleveland, at this late hour, what can this mean? but the meaning is plain, and I have only to apologize for being an intruder."

As Lubina at his reproach instantly retreated, I found myself alone with Mortimer; and as I hesitated not a moment to inform him of the cause which had reduced Lubina Blackburne to the situation in which he had beheld her, I was astonished to find my hand seized,

not with the firm grasp, as I then expected, of a jealous madman, but to my utter astonishment and equal amazement, pressed with the genial warmth and affection of a friend.

End of Chapter Eleven,

CHAP. XII.

I could not define the expression which stole over the countenance of Mortimer Mandeville at the departure of Miss Blackburne, much less was I able to account for the warm pressure of that hand he had so lately thought it contamination to touch. But I was ever of a forgiving nature, and more

happy to be reconciled to one whom I considered bound to me by the ties of nature, than to be at variance with him. When Mortimer requested, therefore, that I would sacrifice an hour's repose and retire with him to his own chamber, having something as he said to communicate of a most particular nature, in the which I could very materially serve him by my advice and condolence, I did not hesitate to comply, though it was not without some surprize that I perceived he cautiously barred and double locked the door on his entrance to his apartment, and then having seated himself exactly opposite to me, he began

the following discourse, which he delivered in a strain that at once spoke a penitence sincere, and I felt myself compassionated towards him, when bursting into tears, he confessed himself to be a villain! the worst of villains!

Greatly shocked and agitated by language so little expected, I conjured him to explain himself, when he instantly dropped on his knees, from which position he would not move till he unguardedly drew from me a solemn and sacred promise, that neither laws, human nor divine, would compel me to betray the confidence he was about to repose in me.

“Swear, Cleveland,” cried he earnestly, “swear.”

“By the honor of a man,” replied I.

“That is not sufficient,” cried the agitated Mortimer, “you must swear by your soul’s eternal happiness,” and he seized my hand with an air of wildness that alarmed and distressed me, while I emphatically pronounced,

“By my soul’s eternal happiness, I swear never to reveal your secret! be calm, I conjure you, dearest Mortimer, and explain this mystery.”

“It is for you,” cried he, “to be calm, who have never been guilty of the crime, the commission of which, while it stamps me the most hardened villain in existence, haunts my pillow with the bitterest remorse, and leaves me the most miserable wretch in creation. Oh! Cleveland, you are not the seducer of female innocence! you are not the destroyer of a beauteous, fond, confiding girl—but that villain am I!”

“Almighty powers forbid,” cried I, while cold drops of perspiration covered my face.

“It is even so, my cousin,” rejoined Mortimer, “the honor of Lubina Blackburne has fallen a victim to my licentious passion.”

Accustomed as I had been from a child to the well-known gallantry of Mortimer’s disposition, I had not an idea that he carried it beyond a certain boundary, but to find him guilty of a crime, which I conceived to be the most heinous in human nature, so completely shocked and overpowered my feelings, that I remained for many minutes incapable of uttering a single sentence, either of censure or condolence; at length,

mustering up all the resolution I was able, I firmly addressed him in these words,

“ Mortimer, ‘let those without faults only condemn ;’ it is not my business to pain your present feelings by the additional pangs of reproach ; all I have to do in this unhappy and most unfortunate affair, is, to offer you that advice which is the only necessary part of a true friend, and which were you the brother of my heart, I should wish you speedily to follow :—need I tell you there is now but one act of your whole life that can in any way atone for the cruelty you have

practised, or be offered as reparation due to the unhappy girl you have betrayed?"

"Name it," cried Mortimer, "instantly tell me what atonement you intend? what reparation you can make? and if the one half of my fortune, I will cheerfully dispense with it to poor Lubina."

"Since I have not spoken so clearly as sufficiently to be understood," replied I, "in my mind there is no reparation can be made to the woman whose spotless honor a man has contaminated, but

the one. In plain terms you have seduced Lubina Blackburne and in plain terms you ought to marry Lubina Blackburne.

Mortimer recoiled a few paces from the place he was sitting.

“ I marry Lubina Blackburne,” uttered he, “ why, surely, cousin Cleveland, thou art now bereft of thy senses. I, Mortimer Mandeville, the heir apparent of an ancient family, the son of a baronet, marry the daughter of one of my tenants?”

“ Sir,” answered I, “ yon should have

recollected that you were the son of a baronet before you betrayed the daughter of one of your tenants: nor has the commission of that act any thing to do with your being the son of a baronet, or the heir apparent to an ancient family; unless like many other noblemen's sons, it is your pride to disgrace the amorial bearings, which your ancestors have worn without a blush!"

With these concluding words, I would have bade Mortimer good night; but he entreated that I would not just then leave him to his own unhappy reflections, assuring me he would consider on

the terms I had proposed for the happiness of the injured Lubina, whom he declared that he still passionately loved, that is," cried he, assuming a gayer tone, "for what she is you know ; but when I think of Adela, the divine Lady Adela."

On the subject of Lady Adela my lips were sealed in silence, and Mortimer not caring that I should express sentiments on a point so delicately tender, suffered me now to withdraw, which I was the more willing to do from an oppression at my heart ; I felt insupportable, for notwithstanding the contrition with

which Mortimer had at first disclosed the nature of his offence, he afterwards discovered a levity by no means according with true penitence, and he had extorted from me a vow of so binding and sacred a principle, that no man of honor, under any circumstances whatever, was at liberty to reveal—the issue of which I trembled to think of; for that he would never marry the injured Lubina, I was well convinced. But that he should now dare to think himself worthy of the hand of Lady Adela, appeared to me an effrontery of which I thought no man could be capable, after departing from the first rule of honour and in-

tegrity that exists to bind us to the soul of the gentle being it is our duty to protect. Alas! thought I, how many, not content with transgressing such sacred laws, boast of the triumph they have obtained over the victims of their seduction! and more than ever I compassionated the situated of Miss Blackburne; the tears, the agonizing tears that would be shed by her aged father and mother, whose grey hairs she would, ere long, bring with sorrow to the grave! Hapless Lubina, thought I, wert thou the only victim of man's deception, thy fall would be a just example for thy credulity!—but thousands like thee perish at the

false shrine of his idolatry! And I concluded my reflections by thinking that there was no woman so virtuous, nor any man so wise, as can hope, through the labyrinth of life, to pluck the rose, without sometimes being goaded by its thorns.

Mortimer had contrived, from the influence he held over the feelings of his mother, still to postpone our long-projected journey to Cambridge, so that when the chaise appeared at six in the morning to convey us hence, it was countermanded by an order superior to any who dared contradict its authority.

The family party, therefore, met as usual at the breakfast table, but I cannot say with that accustomed cheerfulness as they were wont to do. Mortimer was grave, even to pensiveness, which was remarked by his mother with a degree of uneasiness she could not conceal, and my uncle was out of humour at being foolishly opposed in a point wherein he thought himself decidedly right. Lady Adela seemed uneasy about something, nobody could find out, but which I would have given worlds to know : and the Miss Mandevilles, from the too great exertions of the evening, had not chosen to come from their apartments ; so that

Joseph and Miss Penman were the only beings who could be exempt from the general run of ill humour. For my own part, my mind was so abstracted, and my spirit so shocked, by the last night's discovery, that I could think of nothing but poor Miss Blackburne, and how matters were to be brought about with her and Mortimer.

But while my uncle was engaged in looking over the papers, which had been just brought in, my aunt suddenly recollected that she had formed a party to dine at Sir James Somerville's, with which the Miss Mandevilles were not

formerly acquainted, she thought it most prudent, therefore, to aprise them of it, and now rang the bell for Lubina Blackburne to come and receive her message, which not being immediately answered, she broke out with a violence that was not expected by the servants that waited in readiness to obey her Ladyship's commands.

“ Will some of you go, I desire of you,” cried she, “ and know the reason why Lubina Blackburne dares to have the insolence to neglect her duty? tell her to come this moment, as I bid her, or I will make her repent her behaviour.”

This imperious command no mortal dared resist, and two of the footmen were instantly dispatched in quest of the offender; and as I beheld Mortimer sitting very uneasy on his chair, I dreaded the sight of this unfortunate girl's coming into the room. Not knowing exactly whether I was doing right or wrong, but in the truest compassion towards the feelings of others, I ventured to say, that I supposed—I rather believed that not the omission of her duty, but indisposition, prevented Miss Blackburne from appearing before her Ladyship, and in that case, hoped that her first offence might be excused.

While I uttered this, the eyes of Adela were rivetted on me with a mixture of disdain, and while an indignant blush dyed on her cheeks with crimson, she turned away to conceal an emotion of resentment, of which she appeared ashamed, but of which my heart assured me she had no cause.

I had now, however, innocently drawn upon me the sarcasm of my offended aunt, who darting on me a look of one of the three furies, tauntingly exclaimed, "Miss Blackburne, forsooth! and pray, Mr. Cleveland, how long have you been acquainted with my daughters' abigail, as to know whether she is ill or

well: such terms of intimacy with creatures of her calling, are in my opinion extremely unbecoming and highly indecent in any young gentleman in the family of Sir Peter Mandeville, who indeed is highly blameable, by admitting such imprudent liberties to take place under his roof."

My uncle, perfectly astonished at hearing such an harangue delivered in a tone of the bitterest irony, and so utterly confounded by such an unmerited attack, as absolutely to be struck dumb with amazement, withdrew his eyes from the paragraph he was reading, and with surprise depicted in every feature, demand-

ed, "Pray, Sarah, to whom are you speaking? for your language is altogether so unintelligible, that it requires an interpreter to understand what you really do mean."

"It requires no interpreter but the blushes of your guilty nephew there," retorted my aunt, fixing her eyes on my embarrassed countenance with the expression of a fiend."

"Guilty nephew," muttered my uncle, "it is the first time in my life I ever heard that Egbert Cleveland was pronounced guilty; and you will excuse me Lady Mandeville, if I positively de-

clare, that I must have more substantial proofs of his being so than merely what your own words have alluded to. How comes it, sir," cried he, turning to me with an eye of inquisitive earnestness, "that you are here accused of some impropriety of conduct, and have not the courage to defend yourself?"

"Because the accusation is false, " I instantly replied, "and a consciousness of innocence needs no defence; I call heaven to witness, that no one action of my hitherto-harmless life ever breathed a thought to injure mortal—much less am I capable of cherishing a sentiment that would disgrace the nephew of Sir Peter Mandeville."

“I will give you credit for the assertion,” replied my uncle, “here, in the face of the whole family, Lady Mandeville, you are wrong, and I condemn such harsh sentiments where you have no just grounds to warrant such suspicions: what in the name of common sense has my nephew to do with Lubina Blackburne? or Lubina Blackburne to do with him? I beg Lady Mandeville you will not in future interrupt my moments of employment with chimeras of your own imagination; it is really very disagreeable.”

So saying, my uncle resumed his occupation without further molestation,

my aunt remaining in sullen silence, at the same moment, as I then thought, exchanging looks with her son Mortimer, that by no means promised a flag of truce.

While things were precisely in this order I stole a look at the enchanting Adela, and perceived from under the most beautiful dark eye lashes in the world, that a tear had unconsciously strayed beyond the boundary she intended, and wetted a cheek pure as newly-fallen snow; but to what cause I could attribute the sweet exhalation, I knew not. Could it be from sympathy, from friendship, from pity, or from love?

a tear is not shed without a cause, thought I, and the heart is the fountain from whence it flows.

I was not long left to contemplations so pleasing, nor was it long intended that I should enjoy the triumphant feeling which possessed every faculty of my soul in being thought worthy in the opinion of those I so dearly prized; and if an evil genius presides over the destiny of man in one eventful moment of his life to dash the cup of happiness from his lips, that destiny was mine: for the servant, who had been dispatched for Lubina returned, with tidings that she was no where to be found, and that the house-keeper having long suspected that all was not right with her, had

examined every part of the chamber where she had slept; and concealed under the pillow of her bed had discovered a letter, addressed to Sir Peter Mandeville; and while symptoms of curiosity were strongly blended in the countenance of each individual present, my uncle read aloud the letter of Lubina Blackburne contained in the following artless appeal to the feelings of humanity.

END OF VOL. I.



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 051357397